



# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1828

MAY 18, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

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**A**N Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 15 (on June 1), will be held on June 5, 6, 7. Further information can be obtained from the Rev. the Headmaster, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

IN the work of the late Joris Karl Huysmans there were combined many excellent literary qualities, and one or two of the first order. Kiplingism owes much, if not everything, to him in the matter of style. No French writer—not even Théophile Gautier—had a rarer or richer vocabulary, or manipulated words with more consummate virtuosity. The French inspiration of the Kiplingese manner is admittedly traceable to the school of expression of which Huysmans was the last and most subtle professor. This is what modern English literature owes to Huysmans—largely without knowing it. As a novelist, Huysmans delineated for the first time certain highly interesting phases of the French character, particularly its mysticism, bringing to this task rare powers of sympathetic analysis, and an admirable sense of colour. His work is as superior to that of Zola, who was his first master, as a Greek bronze statue is to Madame Tussaud's waxworks, and his principal achievement lay in the artistic point which he gave to the ideals of naturalism. He vivified and illumined a literary creed which, in the narrow and dogmatic interpretation of its high priest, never rose above a dead-level of vulgarity and meanness. No more painstaking and conscientious artist than Huysmans ever lived.

Huysmans' attitude towards religion, whether in his Satanic romance of "Là-bas," in the mystical sequel "En Route," in "La Cathédrale," and in his last work on Lourdes was ever that of the pure artist. His convictions (such of them as appeared) were artistic. He believed in God because he was conscious of Beauty, and of the beauty of Belief. It was only on questions of what was or was not beautiful that he came into contradiction with modern Church teachings, and these points of disagreement were few and of no vital importance, for in recognising the eternal perfection of the line of Nature and of all that has grown out of Nature, including Human Nature, Huysmans was almost as universal as Rodin.

Huysmans, till within a very short time ago, was employed in a comparatively humble capacity at the Ministry of the Interior. If you had seen him there, with spectacles on his nose, diligently driving a pen, or hurrying through the corridors with a dossier under his arm to answer the call of some pompous little *chef de cabinet*, you would have taken him for the perfect *rond de cuir*. In his modest apartment in the rue Ste Placide the official dryness and timidity were thrown off, Huysmans' voice

found free and cheerful vent, and at the little dinners which he gave every week to two or three intimate friends he would be the gayest and most talkative of the party. He was not witty in the French sense of *spirituel*, nor was he vastly erudite, in spite of the learned air of his stories, but he maintained to the end the fresh and naïve curiosity of a child, with much of the child's marvellous power of observation.

Apparently *The Palace of Puck* has only met with a moderate amount of success at the Haymarket, seeing that it is to be withdrawn at the end of this week after filling the theatre for some six weeks. But we hope that the comparatively short run will not discourage Mr. Harrison in his laudable endeavour to give the public something a little out of the ordinary. In Paris a run of two months is by no means a bad one for a piece by a man of letters, and Mr. W. J. Locke is certainly a man of letters first and a playwright afterwards. *The Palace of Puck* is a charming little entertainment, sparkling with bright and wittily turned lines, and very fresh in its conception. It is full of the philosophy which Mr. Locke puts into his novels and which proves him a very decided disciple of Anatole France. It is merely an incident in unreal life which illumines much of the real life of to-day; and apart from the distinction with which it is written the acting of the dramatic trifle is most satisfactory. Mr. Frederick Kerr is as good and as satisfactory as he always is, while Miss Marion Terry, in a small part, cannot help being exquisite, as befits the most perfect of our English actresses of to-day.

Lack of space has prevented our commenting adequately on the important work of the late Mr. C. E. Kempe. Though he has left abundant evidence of his talents as a decorator of mural spaces and ecclesiastical furniture the work by which he will be best known was, as we have mentioned, his stained glass. In this he rendered immense service to the Church of England in particular and to the country at large. Besides his work for wealthy foundations, in which he was unrestricted by considerations of expense, examples of his art are to be found scattered over the country in buildings which present no spot on which the eye can rest with pleasure except some solitary window, always beautiful, designed by him to meet the smallest possible expense. There is perhaps no artificial object which appeals so easily to the untrained mind as coloured glass. Kempe broke away from the vulgarities with which the purely commercial decorators have disfigured our ancient churches, and did all in his power to accustom the public to glass which is not only attractive to the many but beautiful to the few.

Among the examples of Kempe's work none more beautiful could be named than that in the severe and dignified church of the "Cowley Fathers" in the outskirts of Oxford. Some of his early windows are to be found in the nave of Wakefield Cathedral, in the ambulatory of Gloucester, and in the east window of St. Agnes's Church, Kennington Park. In this church and in the newly cathedralized church of Southwark, his early and latest styles may be seen in juxtaposition. Later glass by him is in St. Paul's, in Lichfield Cathedral, St. Mary's Church, Edinburgh, and St. Matthew's Church, Newcastle. The windows of the Lower School Chapel at Eton are an example of a whole scheme by him. He completely decorated the chapel of his own college of Pembroke at Oxford, and now that the mural decorations have been spoiled through gross neglect he had intended generously to restore them at his own expense. It is to be hoped that his friends will at once make a careful iconography of his work in stained glass. From the qualities of his art, indeed from its very limitations, he has done more

to raise the standard of taste in glass than any other artist, and the Church of England deserves well of amateurs of the arts for having so much identified his work with herself.

We have received inquiries on the subject of the local subscription libraries, which are now disappearing fast. Some sixty or seventy years ago it was the custom in the provinces for societies to be formed with the object of providing their members with literature more or less current. Scarcely any centre however small was without its Book-Club, which first circulated books among its members for a year, and after circulation preserved them to form a permanent club library. The constitution of these clubs varied, but the following description may supply a fair example. Some twenty-six residents in a neighbourhood combined to form a club, they paid an entrance fee, and in addition an annual subscription. With the funds thus raised sufficient books were purchased once a year, to supply each member with three or four fresh books about every fortnight. These were passed round in succession until by the end of the year all the members had received all the books; they were then placed in a room conveniently situated for the further use of the members as a permanent library. Earlier than this period acquaintances with somewhat similar tastes had combined in a slightly different way; each had bought books of his own choosing, which returned to his possession when they had been the round of his associates; consequently no permanent library was formed. Of course lending libraries also existed but these at present were merely trade speculations and not clubs.

A second visit to the Court Theatre confirms us in the opinion that Miss Robbins, who has conquered as an actress and a novelist, has still to learn how to write a really good play. But in spite of the weakness of her first and third acts, she has managed to give us one of the best second acts ever written, though much of the credit of this must be given to the stage management and the splendid troupe of Court actors. Mr. Edmund Gwenn's performance is, with no wish to pay a conventional compliment, a masterpiece.

The forthcoming exhibition of the New English Art Club will be held during May and June, at the Galleries in Dering Yard, 67A New Bond Street, W., and the Receiving Day for pictures is fixed for Saturday, May 18. The Selecting Jury and Hanging Committee include Messrs. Steer, John, Orpen, Tonks, Bone, and Walter Russell.

"The maiden mit noddings on" in the shape of the "living statue" still continues to fill the public eye. "La Milo," the originator of this form of spectacle in the music-halls, contributes to a morning contemporary a well-written and well-merited rebuke to Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who has seized the opportunity afforded by the living statue controversy of projecting herself once again into the limelight of publicity. Meanwhile what has become of Mr. Stead? He constituted himself the champion of "La Milo" and all her works at the time when that lady made her first appearance on the stage. Now that the dragons of British virtue have been aroused he will surely not leave his fair *protégée* in the lurch. A battle royal between Mr. Stead and Mrs. Ormiston Chant would surely be as enthralling to the spectators as must have been the famed combat between the Kilkenny cats. We will not push the comparison further, but "thoughts are free."

May, in spite of much rain, is peculiarly "propitious" this year in country places where the cuckoo is singing.

We are reminded both of the ancient love of the poets for May and of their antipathy to the cuckoo; to them it is nearly always the bird of fear. They can only regard it with moral disfavour as if they were haunted by the remembrance of its derivative;

before the shallow cuckoo's bill  
Portend success in love;

and ;

The cuckoo then, on every tree  
Mocks married men for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo :  
Cuckoo, cuckoo—O word of fear  
Unpleasing to the married ear ;

and ;

The plain-song Cuckoo grey,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark  
And dares not answer Nay.

Or is it merely the principal character of Spring or Summer, as in one of the oldest English notated songs; here, indeed, the writer is charmed by its voice:

Sumer is icumen in  
Lhude sing Cuccu ;  
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,  
And springth the wde nu,  
Sing Cuccu.  
Awe bleteth after lomb  
Lhouth afte calve cu ;  
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth ;  
Murie sing Cuccu,  
Cuccu, Cuccu.  
Wel sings thu, Cuccu ;  
Ne swih thu naver nu.

Wordsworth's affection for it is mainly founded on the memories with which it is associated:

Thrice welcome darling of the spring !  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing  
A voice, a mystery.

It remains for a minimus poet, John Logan, to become really enthusiastic in verses which otherwise approach doggerel:

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear,  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year !

What becomes of the hundreds of pictures exhibited annually at the Royal Academy? This is one of the minor mysteries of life. The subsequent fate of the many thousands of "rejected" is too tragic to think of, for it is obvious that the New Gallery cannot find room for them all. Still it is doubtful whether the mere fact of being "accepted" does a picture any real good. Very few indeed of the exhibits are bought, and the comparatively unknown artist must persevere for several years before he can be certain of a profit from his Burlington House exhibits. The "art patron" of to-day is generally a dealer who bases his estimate upon the cost of the frame and having divided the sum by one-half flings it at the artist. Since the first exhibition of 1769 considerably over one hundred thousand pictures have been hung at the annual shows of the Royal Academy, and of these it is safe to say barely thirty per cent. have been purchased. Where the rest have gone to it is impossible to say. One hears occasionally a legend concerning a Derby winner ending its career as a cabhorse, or a first edition of an Elizabethan poet serving to conceal small purchases of tobacco, but it is rarely, if ever, that in exploring an East-end tenement or a country cottage a picture "once exhibited at Burlington House" is discovered. This year the unbought will likewise disappear to keep company with the unloved productions of the artists of Great Britain of the last century. Where will they go? Is there a lethal chamber for the unsold "accepted" as well as the "rejected"? Judging by the state of some of our galleries one is inclined to say that there is not.



## THE MILLER'S SONG

FULL many a night in the clear moonlight  
 Have I wandered by valley and down  
 Where the owls fly low and hoot as they go  
 The white winged owl and the brown.  
 For it's up and away ere the dawn of the day  
 Where the glowworm shines in the grasses  
 And the dusk lies cool on the reed-set pool  
 And the night wind passes.

Full many a day have I found my way  
 Where the long road winds round the hill  
 Where the wind blows free on a juniper lea  
 To the tune and the clank of a mill.  
 For a miller's a man that must work while he can  
 With the rye and the barley growing  
 While his slow wheels churn, and the great sails turn,  
 To the fair wind blowing.

PAMELA TENNANT.

## MAY

THERE is a look of summer in your eyes  
 Which, though it be too soon for summer heat,  
 Presents indeed so fair a counterfeit  
 That I would have it thus, nor otherwise;  
 And though May's beauty be not fierce July's  
 Her earlier blossoms are to me as sweet  
 As the red berry or the yellow wheat—  
 For as a young bird fluttering ere it flies  
 Or as a bud that holds the opening leaf  
 Do you foreshadow all the long delights  
 Of summer days, and of the cool sweet nights  
 As in your lips I see the budding rose.  
 And in your fair soft hair the golden sheaf,  
 And in your heart even fairer things than those.

R. D.

## MAY

(SICILIAN OCTAVES)

## I

Who flings sweet blossoms in the face of Time,  
 And laughing, runs light-footed through the dales?  
 'Tis May—she hears a distant blue-bell chime,  
 Sees fairy ships unfurl their moonlit sails;  
 For her young Strephon turns a dainty rhyme  
 And, flute to lips, outvies the nightingales;  
 For her the year adventures to its prime,  
 And to beguile her, naught but love avails.

## II

Her lilac robe is bridal, brodered well  
 With dusky roses ravishing and rare;

Down the dim hills past April's citadel  
 She comes with heart exultant, debonair;  
 As sounds immured in some frail Orient shell  
 Her voice is soft; and proudly from her hair  
 Falls sheen of dewy diamonds. Who can tell  
 Of one so dear, so indiscreet, so fair?

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

## THE BELOVED

My love is all my life, he holds and fills  
 The Chalice of my soul, he is the King  
 In all the world of my imagining.  
 His purity the morning dew distils,  
 All the green valleys and the flower-starred hills  
 Are places of his beauty's tarrying.  
 He lies in the delight of lute-playing,  
 And in the joy of yellow daffodils.

I have desired so his down-soft curls  
 That my desire has melted ecstasy  
 Into the harsh delight of bitter tears.  
 I will devise a necklace of fine pearls  
 To bind about my neck, and let them be  
 Numbered unto the rosary of his years.

EVELINA HOWARD.

## LITERATURE

## THE RISE AND FALL OF JAPAN

*The Future of Japan.* By W. PETRIE WATSON. (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.)

OF the making of books about Japan there is no end, yet if historians have been many prophets are naturally few. It is rash to prophesy, unless you know a great deal more than chroniclers choose to tell. Hitherto, moreover, no little contradiction has obscured accounts of the wonderful Samurai, whose achievements in international tournament aroused both admiration and dismay. Some said his shield was of gold. These had woven surmises in a garden of geisha and cherry-blossom, whence war was barred. Others reported the shield to be of iron, for they had followed the strange knight's relentless advance from Seoul to Mukden, or tracked his cruisers across the Yellow Sea. But Mr. Watson has seen clearly and studied closely both sides of the shield. He claims to have arrived by observant intimacy at a just analysis of the Japanese character and situation. He distinguishes in them on grounds of *a priori* reasoning and universal experience those elements which imply strength and those which, no less surely, indicate decay. So confident is he of the soundness of his diagnosis that he not only exposes the secret of Japan's rise: he ventures warily, but not dubiously, to predict her probable fall.

His speculation on "the future and its problems" is preceded by an accumulation of data labelled "conditions of the time." Among the most interesting of these early chapters is a concise summary of the events which led up to and followed the change from feudal to constitutional government. This transformation is well shown to be due to no miraculous intuition of the superiority of Western civilisation, but rather to a combination of causes at work

in Japan itself—to the revival of Shintoism, the growth of historical research, the consequent strengthening of the Emperor's authority and dissatisfaction with the usurped tyranny of the Shogun. Foreign pressure merely applied the torch to a train of potential revolutionary powder. Nor was the adoption of European institutions either rapid or complete. Army and navy were indeed equipped as soon as the finances would allow with the latest resources of applied science, for national defence had the first claim on national pride. But the doubtful boon of a parliamentary régime was long deferred. Whereas the Daimyo surrendered their privileges in 1871, an Imperial Diet was not summoned before 1890, and even to-day, in 1907, out of forty-eight million subjects less than a million enjoy the franchise. This fact, taken by itself, might be regarded as a proof of political sagacity, which would naturally hesitate to introduce representative methods except by cautious degrees to a population accustomed for two centuries to obey an omnipotent bureaucracy. But, as Mr. Watson points out, the working of the parliamentary machine has been hampered by peculiar difficulties, which seem at present to preclude any further democratic development. When the constitution was promulgated, it affirmed the inviolable sovereignty of the Emperor and the responsibility of ministers to him alone. Party cabinets were neither explicitly nor implicitly mentioned. The Marquis Ito, after governing for eight years without the support of a party, advised the Emperor to invite Counts Okuma and Itagaki, leaders of parties, to assume office. When the experiment failed, as the chief of the elder statesmen no doubt anticipated, he at once formed a party with the avowed object of resisting a party-system and of re-asserting the sovereign's prerogative to appoint ministers without reference to factions in the Diet! Thus at the opening of the twentieth century we have the following situation: the power behind the throne vested in a group of privy councillors, whose capacity is neither denied nor deniable; the power before the throne in a cabinet of nominees, largely independent of parliamentary influence; a semblance of power below the throne in a diet of shifting parties so far negligible as to recall the Duma rather than the Reichstag or the House of Commons. This anomalous arrangement springs from a crucial fact, which underlies much that is perplexing to a foreigner in Japanese politics: to wit, the gulf that divides leaders from led. The former are intellectual, highly trained, self-reliant; the latter superstitious, inexperienced, submissive. If Mr. Watson's gloomy prognostications should be averted, that result will be due to the efficiency of national education in bridging this gulf.

But our author attaches to political phenomena less importance than to moral and spiritual assumptions, which, if plausibly asserted, are far less certain of acceptance. Starting with the proposition that European progress "has been achieved solely or mainly by aid of the leverage, which Christianity as a system of dogma offered to our fathers," he concludes:

The strength and the potency of the world remain with Europe. They do not find a new centre, a re-organisation or a reconcentration in Japan. For in Europe—in the mind and in the heart of Europe—there is a concept and image of the Universal that guarantees the essential permanence of the European idea against every particular type and every peculiar originality.

That is, the Japanese must eventually go under, because he has no use for dogma or "saving truth." Philosophy he regards as an intellectual, but not an intelligent amusement. His mind is apprehensive, not comprehensive; his guiding principles are concerned with local and practical results. Accordingly, in Mr. Watson's eyes, the national superstitions, which have hitherto fallen far short of universal dogmas, must eventually succumb to these. One by one the religious counterfeits, in which these unfortunate heretics have put their trust, are examined and found wanting. Bushido—the Way of the Warrior—makes chiefly for military virtues and has already become

anachronistic—a "moral curiosity." Buddhism and Shintoism have lost their hold on the rationalistic upper classes, while their common and most popular belief, expressed in the worship of ancestors, is bound up with the supposed divine origin of the Imperial Family, which belief, in its turn, depends on mythological records, exposed more and more to the assaults of historical criticism. Confucian ethics are dissolving in moral chaos, and thus Japan's only hope of success in this world and salvation in the next, lies in response to the appeal of "the Christ-personality." But this must be dissociated from ecclesiasticism of the Western type, since even Japanese converts declare that "Christianity will first have to become 'Japanised' before Japan can be Christianised."

Now to impartial readers two considerations will at once suggest themselves as impairing the force of these assumptions. Is it so certain that European progress rests on religious dogma? Has not recent history rather illustrated the divorce of dogmatic tenets from public policy? Do we not find Lord Cromer stemming the flow of missionaries into the Soudan, the Kaiser throwing his aegis over Islam, the orthodox, Czar protecting the Buddhist Buriats of Central Asia? It requires some courage to deny that quite secular and local appetites have played a prominent part in European politics of at least the last two centuries. Then, again, we think too much stress is laid on the "moral chaos," caused by the contact of Asiatic creeds with scientific thought. Should a Japanese seek to harmonise the generalisations of science with the postulates of religion, he would find Buddhism far more elastic than Christianity, as Lafcadio Hearn perceived. And, if he were moved to speculate on the future of Europe, he would find divergences of creed and conduct numerous enough to warrant him in applying the term "moral chaos" to any but the most retrograde of western races. Happily, in both hemispheres, humanity has a habit of sloughing dogmas and adapting itself to a new environment without any general sense of convulsive disturbance.

So far from being handicapped in the international struggle for existence by a disinclination to foster "a concept of the Universal," the founders of modern Japan owe perhaps their success in no small measure to this very distrust of the Absolute, of abstract theories. Their politicians are no more committed to any theory of inalienable rights than their generals to one of infallible strategy. Their education is not hindered by the theological bickering nor their art confused by humanitarian motives. In every department of life is the same careful choice of means to ends, the same wise economy of intellectual and emotional effort. Their very patriotism—so prodigal of self-sacrifice—is not more passionate than utilitarian.

Yet, though one may dissent from Mr. Watson's conclusions (perhaps on account of a bias as purely personal as his own) full justice should be rendered to the absorbing and stimulating qualities of his book. In it the salient characteristics of Japanese life and mentality are admirably brought out. It is refreshing to find them not merely reported or lauded, as is the fashion of most English writers, but subjected to independent criticism. The effect of his statement is occasionally marred by fanciful phrases and vague terminology, but it is long since we encountered so interesting and well-informed an attempt to solve the riddle of the Nipponian Sphinx.

OSMAN EDWARDS.

#### "DICK" SEDDON

*The Life of Richard John Seddon, Premier of New Zealand.*  
By JAMES DRUMMOND. (Siegle.)

THERE is a gap in the ranks of the Colonial Premiers attending the conference of 1907—a gap which no other man in the British Empire can easily fill. "Dick"



Seddon, the father of his little people in far-off New Zealand, was the most notable figure in the last Colonial Conference. His vigour and vehemence gave such an impression of vitality that it was impossible to connect with him the idea of sudden death. But there is a law of irony that governs these things. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the fragile and delicate figure of the last conference, has come back with renewed health. Mr. Richard Seddon, the great burly miner, has died suddenly and dramatically at the height of his power.

No man can quite take his place. He represented the immense, vigorous optimism of the younger branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. He brought to this country the breath of a younger world. Accustomed to invariable success in his smaller sphere, he displayed a self-confidence which irritated those used to larger and more complex problems. This country was glad enough of his help during the South African War, but it did not receive so willingly his exhortations to social reform. He went home from the last Colonial Conference a rather disappointed man. He was puzzled and troubled by the old country. He did not understand her ways. But nothing daunted him; and he looked forward with unabated hope to the conference of 1907.

This biography by Mr. James Drummond, a distinguished journalist of New Zealand, deals only with the externals of the man, and gives no more information than is already in the possession of every intelligent New Zealander. But it will be read with the closest attention in this country—and rightly, for it records a very remarkable and astonishing life. No wonder that Mr. Seddon wore himself out. The only surprising thing is that he lasted so long. For he did everything himself. He rose, entirely by his own energy, from the position of a gold-digger to that of a Prime Minister. He held that position for thirteen years. He held his party together without a single failure, and prevented in New Zealand the rise of that disturbing third party of labour which has distracted Australian politics. But all this was but the outer political machine side of his work. What he really did, as a statesman, was to transform the New Zealand State from a *laissez faire* community of old-fashioned mind into a State approaching as nearly to the ideal of a socialistic Utopia as any now existing on the face of the world. He became, in actual and literal fact, the "father of his people." There was no side of their lives that he considered alien from his interest. He created departments for looking after the New Zealander in almost every action of his life; and he looked after all those departments himself. At the end of his life he was at the head of seven departments of State!

No man could stand such a life. But he would have preferred such an end himself—to wear out rather than rust out, as the saying has it. He ruled a little people, but he did a great work. He was the pioneer of the empire. He plunged ahead through the jungle, tomahawk in hand, and tore a way for the poor and humble through the thick undergrowth of interest and prejudice that makes the lives of the masses so hard for them in every settled country. He found New Zealand a young country, but about to enter upon the old path. Lancashire-born, he knew what the life of the European poor was like, and he determined that the New Zealand poor man should not live the same life. He made up his mind that New Zealand should mean something new to the world—should voice a new hope. It was not easy, for he had many vested interests to fight even there. But he was from the beginning a man of singular daring. Perhaps his boldest act was his famous blow for the aged poor—Mr. Seddon's Old Age Pensions Act that has now become famous—but it was not easily passed. It was twice rejected. There was the party who desired a contributory system after the German model. There was the party who desired a universal system for rich and poor. Mr. Seddon was equally opposed to both. His object was to establish a civic right to relief on behalf of the aged poor. His system has now been in operation for

ten years, and it has worked so well that it is about to be adopted by the Australian Federal Parliament. Perhaps in the end Great Britain will have to follow in his steps.

But Mr. Seddon's Pensions scheme forms but a very small part of the great social policy developed in New Zealand through the last ten years. That famous Arbitration Law which has saved New Zealand from strikes and lock-outs for a decade was passed by Mr. W. P. Reeves under Mr. Seddon's guidance. But since Mr. Reeves—leaving a country too small for two kings—came to England, Mr. Seddon has done all his work himself. The immensity of his labours is shown by the bare fact that he introduced five hundred and fifty bills himself and placed one hundred and eighty on the Statute Book. His consolidated Factory Act, that of 1901, is a model labour law, alike for men, women, and children. His Labour-Bureaux have helped forty-five thousand New Zealanders to gain employment. But he was never content, never at peace. His bold, active mind was always exploring ahead into new fields of social legislation. He nationalised the railways, and used them boldly for land settlement and social purposes. He opened State coal-mines, and brought down the price of coal for the poor. He founded a State free insurance system. He turned the State into the chief trustee of the Colony. He passed a model Shop Assistants Act, which now ensures health and a tolerable existence to every New Zealander serving in a shop. He fixed a minimum wage for children—five shillings a week the first year, rising by increments of three shillings up to twenty shillings. He allowed his towns, if they wished, to rate on unimproved values. When he died, he had just established State maternity homes for New Zealand mothers and was seriously tackling the problem of infant mortality in his own audacious way. He dared to the very end.

Such achievements meant a life of incessant strain. Mr. Seddon never spared himself. He was here, there, and everywhere—speaking, admonishing, persuading. But no one ever dreamed of his dying suddenly. He seemed so vital. Even London still remembers how Mr. Seddon roused them with a cheer which reverberated from end to end of the hall. There was scarcely a New Zealander who had not felt, at some time of his life, happier for Mr. Seddon's work. "Dick will see to that" was the common phrase of the New Zealander in a difficulty. His death is to them the loss of a father. Has he left behind him any man able to take up his burden?

HAROLD SPENDER.

## ROMA REDIVIVA

*The Greatness and Decline of Rome.* By GUGLIELMO FERRERO. Translated by ALFRED E. ZIMMERN, M.A. 2 vols. (Heinemann, 17s. net.)

Insufficiency of original and trustworthy materials [said Grote in the preface to his great history of Greece] not only limits the amount of information which an historian [of Greece] can give to his readers—compelling him to leave much of his picture an absolute blank—but it also greatly spoils the execution of the remainder. The question of credibility is constantly obtruding itself and requiring a decision which, whether favourable or unfavourable, always introduces more or less of controversy; and gives to those outlines, which the interest of the picture requires to be straight and vigorous, a faint and faltering character. Expressions of qualified and hesitating affirmation are repeated until the reader is sickened; while the writer himself . . . is frequently tempted to screw up the possible and probable into certainty, to suppress counterbalancing considerations and to substitute a pleasing romance in place of half-known and perplexing realities.

THERE is no fear of the reader being sickened by "qualified and hesitating affirmation" in reading Signor Ferrero's history of Rome, for Signor Ferrero handles his authorities with no tender hand. True, the sources for Roman history flow more clearly and more continuously than those from which Grote had to draw. But there is more than this in the difference. To Grote history was the setting out of ascertained facts or their qualified

approximation in due order, as a lawyer sets out a brief. To the author of these volumes history is drama, with its characters, its passions, its plot and its setting—above all with its exquisite irony, the analytical fore-knowledge of a Greek tragedy-chorus of which he is the leader. Roman history is no longer a weary catalogue of wars and laws, of risings and assassinations, sprinkled with names which by their very schoolday familiarity have become meaningless. Still less is it the blind hero-worship of a single personality to whom is ascribed a purpose and ambition beyond all human likelihood.

For history is the gigantic jest of Fate upon humanity. It is true that individuals make history, but how or whose, they themselves can never tell. Cæsar, diving headlong into debt, could never have foreseen that his embarrassments would found a world-empire. Lucullus, working his legions to desperation in Asia, did not dream that his name would come down to history as a synonym for the glories of the table rather than for those of the tented field. Crassus, piling up his millions and balancing his accounts, fussing over the health of his children or planning Parthian conquests, could not dream that the young libertine whom he financed would overshadow him, the hard-headed man of business. Pompey, winning easy triumphs here, there, and everywhere, had no fore-warning of his ultimate place in the history that seemed to ring with his name.

Still less could the farmer, who substituted vine and olive for corn, and to whom the influx of slave-labour came as a welcome relief from personal toil, realise that his individual action would in the long run alter the whole economic balance of the Roman world, and force the Roman state to the unwilling acquisition of territory beyond the seas. Each man worked for himself, and all together forced the hand of history, though the card that fell was not the one that was expected.

But Signor Ferrero is a looker-on at this game of cross-purposes, who can use the eyes of his mind. He overlooks all the hands at once, and his book is the result of his observation, not of the platitudes of result, but of the human elements of process. In reading this book of his, we must feel that it is not the game that matters, but the players; for we can but see that the game was not what they meant it to be, but what Fate knew it must be. Yet every one of those players, each with his qualities, of greed, ambition, lust, pride, obstinacy, or other, was necessary to the evolution of the game that he played blindfold.

Amid the accidents and confusion of history, men criticise events from their immediate results, they instinctively resent the loss of anything that is dear to them; and they stand continually in dread of an utter and final extinction, amid the suspense and vicissitudes of an age that is slowly dying and an age that is coming to birth. For the fitful and mysterious movements of history are like the alternations of night and day in the far Northern summer—a long, almost endless, day, a long twilight, then the extinction of all the visible world in the total darkness of a brief midnight; then again the long twilight of morning, heralding the dawn of a new light over the world. But when he has lived through the splendour and sunshine of a familiar civilisation and watched its slow decline in the darkness, man thinks that the light is quenched for ever and turns back in a blind and instinctive despair to worship the sun of a vanished day.

So the author defines the "conservative instinct," that most potent brake upon the wheel of remorseless progress, and again and again as we read on, the definition rises in our minds. It explains the death of the Gracchi, the ruthless consistency of Sulla, the ultimate failure of Pompey. It all comes to this: that the main qualification of the history-maker is blindness to all save the immediate present—make that how you will, the future makes itself.

His *dramatis personæ* are all living men.

Lucullus was one of the few who, in a world of unscrupulous adventurers, represented with sincerity and conviction the one respectable element in Sulla's government, the primitive and genuine aristocratic tradition which had been brought back to power with such disappointing results;

and it is with a genuine sympathy that one reads how

"the man who two years before had dominated Asia like a second Alexander, became in his own camp the butt and laughing stock of his soldiers."

The story of Crassus runs like a romance of millions through the pages of this history. With all his pettifoggish meanness, with all his underground methods of political attack, Crassus was yet a man, a fine type of Roman, and Signor Ferrero's portrait of "the elderly banker, buckling on the sword," though touched with kindly humour, yet betrays his admiration for the "man of great gifts—able and active, though self-centred and lacking in generosity," of whom he says that "destiny had chosen him to be the first victim of the megalomania of his countrymen."

After the great part that Crassus has played in the history of his time, it is with dramatic suddenness that the end comes.

And when death suddenly stared him in the face amid the mountains of Armenia, far from his family and his home, like a criminal given but a few minutes to prepare for his fate, he revealed no sign of weakness . . . He set out with an escort and was killed on the 9th of June.

That use of the bare date is the touch of a born dramatist.

But, of course, Cæsar is the central figure in these volumes, and it is in drawing this character that the dramatist-historian is most happy. It is with difficulty that we refrain from quoting whole pages of this brilliant contribution to the world's portrait-gallery of great men. Cæsar the student and romancer at Rhodes, Cæsar the hot-headed young blood in Rome, piling up debt and outraging decorum, yet boldly refusing to divorce the young wife he loved—Cæsar the noisy demagogue, the electioneer, the conqueror of Gaul, the world-power; Cæsar pitifully dead—from first to last it is the portrait, not of a mere historical lay-figure, nor of a relentless, conscious instrument of fate, but of an exceptionally quick-witted, and an exceptionally lucky—*man*.

And when he fell

Rome was wrapped in funereal silence, like a city of the dead. All parties were afraid of one another.

Parthia was saved. The Archdestroyer had himself been cut down at the moment when he was setting out to conquer the Empire of Parthia and set Rome on the road trodden by Alexander. For this was the dream which had absorbed all his energies during the last months of his life, while the rumours as to his monarchical ambitions were probably nothing more than inventions or at least exaggerations on the part of his enemies. How he would have acted on his return, supposing he returned victorious, no one can say. Perhaps he did not know himself. After all, he had been an opportunist all his life.

We put the book down reluctantly, and with gratitude to Signor Ferrero for his promise of more. For these two volumes contain but "a history of the age of Cæsar, from the death of Sulla to the Ides of March," and are but the beginning of the scheme sketched by the author in his preface. If he completes that scheme as worthily as he has begun it, he will have written a more living, a more actual, history of Rome than any we have encountered up to now, and we can only hope for him and for ourselves that the task of translation may remain in Mr. Zimmermann's hands.

## THE SEEING EYE

*Days in Cornwall.* By C. LEWIS HIND. With illustrations by WILLIAM PASCOE. (Methuen, 6s.)

REFLECTIVE readers of "Days in Cornwall" will be almost as grateful to Mr. Hind for what he has not done as for what he has done. He might so easily have filled up his book with fairy tales about giants and legends about saints which are only Cornish in the sense that they are also Irish, and could be bettered by anybody with half a grain of imagination; or with smuggling stories which might just as well have happened at Deal. Most Cornish smuggling stories are W. W. Jacobs's stories with a Newlyn or a St. Ives accent. It is worth remembering, by the way, when you talk of Cornwall, to be sure whether you mean the Cornwall of, say, Mevagissey or



Bodmin or St. Just: they are, as Mr. Hind has recognised, very different Cornwalls. Whether he writes about "the interminable sand-dunes of Perranporth" or the flower gardens of Lamorna, or the hoary stones of Carn Kenidzhek, Mr. Hind has wisely ignored most of the things that superficial people call "so delightfully and typically Cornish, don't you know." He has observed the sound rule: if you want to get a vivid impression of a place, avoid the local "character" as you would avoid a pestilence. Is there, then, no peculiarly Cornish character? Yes, there is, and Mr. Hind has got it into the pages of his book. It would be pathetic were it not so natural how even intelligent Cornishmen fail to recognise their essential differences from the inhabitants of the rest of England. The legends they tell, the local customs they laboriously keep alive are generally pointless in this connection, but let them sell you a horse or judge you on a jury or play football against you, or even direct you on your way, and the deep racial characteristics come out. It is the fashion to scoff at the reality of racial types. Everything, say the authorities, depends on environment. But it is precisely environment—using the word even in its widest sense—that tends to keep the Cornishman distinct. His differences are being constantly renewed. When the Cornishman isn't getting on at home he doesn't go to the nearest big town, he goes to Africa or America or Siberia. San Francisco, Irkutsk, Copiapó—these, and not London or Manchester, are the important factors in the Cornishman's larger environment. Every week, from West Cornwall alone, an average of thirty men emigrate to South Africa. And they nearly all come back again and, as Mr. Hind says, "build a little granite house in the environs of Camborne or Redruth." During the Russo-Japanese War, when London dailies were printing confusing maps of Manchuria, quiet men in Cornish villages were detailing to their companions first-hand information about the places involved. Less affected by common national influences, Cornwall is more directly touched by international influences than any other part of England.

The thing which is consciously and deliberately kept alive is very seldom the real thing. Real things have a way of surviving on their own account, though by a sort of self-protective instinct they take on the superficial colouring of their changing environment. It is to this real character, to these subtle differences which make up the enduring fascination of Cornwall, that Mr. Hind has given attentive eye and ear. He writes frankly as an outsider, he assumes no special knowledge. He gives you that most valuable of all writing, the personal impression frankly stated. Above all he has preserved his faculty of wonder. Occasionally, as is only natural, this leads him to set down with pains and gravity as remarkable something which might have happened to him in Gloucestershire or Kent. But that only proves his sincerity, his determination to ignore preconceived notions, to see what he sees and not what he wants to see.

The plan of his book is admirable. Regarding Cornwall objectively before he began to explore it, he recognised that its essential characteristics as a piece of land are its coast-line and its hills. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, by the way, has unconsciously summed up Cornwall in the title of his recent book "Hills and the Sea." Starting from Saltash—the gate of Cornwall—Mr. Hind walked up the Tamar valley and on to Marsland Mouth—the northern extremity of the Devon and Cornwall boundary. Thence he walked by the north coast to St. Ives, round the Land's End, and back by the south coast to Saltash again. Then, starting from Launceston, which lies in the very middle of the Devon and Cornwall boundary, he zig-zagged through the interior of the county, from hill to hill, visiting all the important towns and villages by the way. The advantage of this itinerary is that the six sections of his book are a series of clear and coherent pictures. He has followed the drawing of the

land, so to speak. Finally, recognising that the essence of Cornwall has run into the end of the bag, as it were, he has given a special section to Western Cornwall; the Promontory of Penwith, almost an island, cut off from the rest of the county by a wide valley running from Hayle to Marazion. Here are the greatest number of prehistoric remains, here are the flower-farms and here are the two most important fishing-towns.

Not less surely than he has gripped the topographical features of the county Mr. Hind has seized upon the character of its people. Take this picture of the underground man—the miner—whom he meets in the little inn on the old road between St. Ives and Penzance.

Lank, dark-visaged, with the remote look of the mystic in his eyes, he came quietly into the bar-parlour and sat bolt upright in a high chair. He ordered nothing. He shrank neither from the fire, nor from the draught. Heat, cold, frost, snow, fog, were the same to him. There is no weather in a mine.

As this passage indicates Mr. Hind has paid as much attention to the casual person he met by the way, the hotel waiter, the mining engineer, the artist, the farmer, as to the local "lion"—whether church, cromlech, cliff-castle or "view"—and consequently his book is full of human interest. In questions of history or archaeology instead of adding confusion by vain speculations of his own, he has frankly and wisely quoted the special authorities.

"Days in Cornwall" is a tempting book to quote from. Perhaps the description of Launceston Church gives Mr. Hind at his best.

In those dim moments, before the lamp over the south porch was lighted, it was enough to feel the beauty of the long body of this church, and to let the eye roam over the weathered granite, wonderful with carvings of sacred or heraldic significance, and to remember him who gave this monument of grief to Cornwall—Sir Henry Trecarell, manorial lord of Trecarell in Lezant.

... I saw it that night as Trecarell made it, all but the tower, which belongs to the old fourteenth-century church that stood upon the site. He left that untouched, bewildered and broken in spirit, it is said, by the "religious disturbances of the Reformation."

Strange looked those grey, griefful carvings on the Church of St. Mary Magdalen in the half light, the Trecarell arms mingling with Mary's minstrels, the figures of bears, an eagle, a pelican and a carved prayer.

... Then in a stride came the dark, and I saw only the effect of that loveliness of carving, a church raised by the dead, yet alive with menacing mystery and communications to the living. And while I gazed, out of the darkness came the lamplighter, who set his fire within the glass lamp that hangs from the corner of the south porch, near the symbol of the extinguished torch, and the rays illumined the scroll held by two angels above the roses of York and Lancaster, and on the scroll is carved An. Dom. M.C.CCCCXI. That was the year when Trecarell turned from his desolate house in the world and sought to build, in Cornish granite, a mansion in the City of God.

Mr. Hind has been fortunate in his illustrator. Mr. William Pascoe's drawings are not only beautiful pictures but they are full of the spirit of place. The whole atmosphere of Western Cornwall is summed up in the picture facing page 312. A brown hillside, an abandoned mine-building, an unfenced, winding road, little fields, intakes from the moor—set like jewels in their fuzzy hedges—and in the foreground an old Cornish Cross. The other illustrations in the book are photographs and frankly topographical with the exception of two excellent studies, one of wandering cattle, the other of a wave breaking against the backs of houses in St. Ives, by Mr. Herbert Lanyon.

"Days in Cornwall" is neither a rehash of legends and stories nor a mere guide-book, though it ought to go into the knapsack of every visitor to the Duchy. Those who know Cornwall will be grateful to Mr. Hind for having preserved within the pages of a book so much of its charm, while those who do not may be strongly recommended to begin their exploration under his guidance.

## THE FALL OF NAPOLEON

*The Fall of Napoleon.* By OSCAR BROWNING. (Lane, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE weekly book on Napoleon is becoming a bore, there is no doubt of it. During the last two or three years there have been published books by the score, dealing with almost every aspect of Napoleon's work and character; and very few of them have attained to any permanent value as historical works. Mr. Browning's new book is a personal history of Napoleon between the years 1813 and 1815, and the author does not claim therein to bring to light new facts, but to summarise the results of other people's researches. His book is, however, more valuable than might be expected, because he gives for the first time in English a view of Napoleon's character and conduct, largely founded upon the work of M. Albert Sorel, rather different from that generally accepted in this country. He shows, for example, that Napoleon could not have acted otherwise than he did when he refused to accept terms of peace during the armistice of 1813. Of course many chapters in the book are necessary for the continuity of the story; but they are at the same time inadequate as history, or unnecessary to the student, as the subject dealt with has been so lately treated by other writers. In the latter class comes the chapter on Elba, a very interesting chapter, which will probably be passed over by those who have kept up with Napoleonic literature, since M. Gruyer's book on that phase was published only the other day. The chapters on the Waterloo campaign, on the other hand, fall into the former category. They cannot by reason of the small space allotted to them be adequate; it would be absurd to compare them with M. Houssaye's great work, but even when compared with lesser things, such as the chapters on that campaign in the "Cambridge Modern History," they do not appear in a very favourable light. It is curious to find Mr. Browning giving the "Up guards, and at them!" story with never a word to say that the authenticity of the order has been disputed; it is interesting because it makes one hesitate to accept his facts for which he gives no authority. He has an eye for the picturesque, a failing common to many historians but seldom found to be of advantage. Had he dealt with the battle of Austerlitz he would no doubt have made the most of the so-called ice-incident, following the story of Marbot and Ségur, which has by now become so famous that even the most prosaic writers have accepted it without question. Mr. Browning, however, does give a version of "The Guard dies, but does not surrender," which is vastly entertaining but which we should blush to repeat. We should like to know its origin.

As a whole the book is useful. The tale is clearly told, but without the help of maps, and it is told moreover with rare self-restraint. The opinions of the author seldom intrude; the opinions of those whom he follows appear unfortunately more often. Occasionally the glamour of the subject has seized Mr. Browning so that he becomes almost apostrophic. In one paragraph he writes:

Napoleon was an incomparable financier, as he was the greatest of all generals and nearly the greatest of all diplomatists.

A few lines later he is moved again to state:

He may be regarded as one of the ablest financiers whom history can record.

If Mr. Browning had omitted his interjections, we should have liked his book better; for after all they only prove that he, like most of us, is a hero-worshipper. But we have suffered so much from indifferent books on this subject that we are compelled to be grateful for this, which is decidedly an advance on the same author's work on the youth of his hero.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE

*Atonement and Personality.* By R. C. MOBERLY, D.D.; *Ministerial Priesthood.* By R. C. MOBERLY, D.D. (Murray, each 6s. net.)

MR. JOHN MURRAY has done well to issue a new and cheaper edition of Canon Moberly's well-known works on the Atonement and Priesthood. Dr. Moberly is essentially a sound man. He has nothing of the extremist about him, and is a firm upholder of the *via media* of the Church of England. At a time when the fundamental doctrines of historical Christianity are being attacked on all sides many will welcome Dr. Moberly's masterly exposition of the doctrine of the Atonement. Of the priesthood he writes that "the basis of a true understanding of Church ministry is a true understanding of the Church." His volumes, though primarily intended for theological students, can be read with equal pleasure and profit by the layman.

*Companions in the Sierra.* By CHARLES RUDY. (Lane, 6s.)

To follow the ancient advice "Beware of one who apologises—the serpent draws back its head to strike" would be instantly to suspect a book which possesses, as does this, a dedication (to an ass): an introduction (by Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Grahame, who is himself so excellently qualified to write a book about Spain); a preface (by the author); and still another chapter "By Way of Introduction" (also by the author). So much pother about the beginning would overweight a book of heavier calibre than this lightly written and occasionally too artless sketch of the travels in Spain of a modern Don Quixote. The "Companions" of the title are Perico the wise ass, and its rider Don Casimiro Gonzalez y Bartoleme de la Torre, mercantile clerk of Madrid, who after years of subjection in his office, and of domestic bullying by his shrewish mother and sister, answered to the call of the mountains and shook the dust of the city off his feet. The story is Mr. Charles Rudy's excuse for relating his personal experiences of the Sierras of Guadarrama and Gredas. There is no reason why the fear of plagiarism should have been the occasion of so much artifice, for Mr. Rudy is genuinely interesting in his pictures of simple Spanish life and peasant character—of charcoal burners in their forest huts, of evenings in wayside *ventas*, of the courtesies and curiosities of Castilian villagers, and of the wisdom of the ass Perico. There is a charm in his description of the long roads, white under the high Spanish sun and the glory of *voldepeñas* wine, "a lightly tinged claret, in appearance as harmless as mare's milk, though in reality stronger than champagne." But Casimiro, the suddenly awakened prophet of the simple life, is rather a tiresome person in his moods and tenses, unless indeed he be intended to show how much better such things are done by Cervantes.

*The Aran Islands.* By J. M. SYNGE. (Dublin: Maunsel, 5s. net.)

THE Aran Islands, it is probably necessary to remind the ignorant Saxon, are three small islands lying off the west coast of Ireland, about thirty miles from Galway. The largest is about nine miles long, and the inhabitants, who are for the most part still strangely primitive, gain their living by burning kelp, fishing, and tilling their scant fields, though the soil is so poor that a field hardly produces more grain than is needed for seed in the following year, and the straw is all the profit.

Of his four visits to these islands, Mr. Synge, the author of *The Playboy of the Western World*, the play that caused so much disturbance at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, has written an attractive book, which, while relating his experiences simply and without literary artifice, is rendered charming by the author's sympathy with the kindly men and women of whom he writes.



Mr. Synge has a fine eye for colour, and he has painted a truthful though sombre picture of the islands, with their grey clouds, and grey seas, and slaty limestone rocks, the men dressed in indigo and grey, and the women in red petticoats with grey shawls twisted round their heads. There is little division of labour on these barren rocks; every man is a good sailor, an expert fisherman, sufficiently wise in agriculture to till his poor fields, clever enough with his hands to make a cradle or a coffin. They dwell in thatched cottages, whose chief room, the kitchen, has an earth floor and open rafters and two doors facing each other, one open and one shut according to the wind. In this room the men sit on the wet foggy days that are so frequent on these desolate islands, drinking, perhaps, the grey poteen in a haze of turf smoke, and listening to the wonderful tales of the old men or talking endlessly of tides and fish and the price of kelp in Connemara. But in all the speech of this simple folk there sounds a note of despondency, a sadness of things passing. For their growing sons leave the islands nowadays for America or the mainland, unwilling that like their fathers before them they should spend their days in snatching a poor livelihood from the winds and the sea. Even here the Gaelic seems to be dying out, and the younger men are no longer ready to believe in the fairies, whose strange hatred of the human race colours so many of the stories that Mr. Synge has collected from the old men of the islands. Progress, which may not spare either beauty or simplicity, is reaching these primitive men and women at last, and we therefore owe a double debt to Mr. Synge for having written this book before it was too late, and for having written it so well. Mr. J. B. Yeats contributes some clever illustrations.

### THE PARIS SALONS

DECIDEDLY the one painter in France, represented at the Paris Salons, who knows how to paint is M. Louis Anquetin. Perhaps it is for this reason that the hanging committee of the Société des Beaux Arts has skied his portrait of *Docteur Robin*, and hidden away under the cupola in the worst possible light his admirable *Portrait de Mégard*, which is one of the most solid and masterly productions of this or any age, and alone of all its contemporaries worthy to be hung beside a Velasquez or a Franz Hals, or, indeed, any of the great craftsmen of what one might call, for want of a better name, the antediluvian period—in which circumstance it would most successfully hold its own, neither yielding nor taking, but maintaining, with the proper distances, the courteous but stately demeanour proper to the self-respecting partner in some old-fashioned minuet.

Alas! of what other pictures in the Salons could so much be said? Take "any old thing," so to speak, from our national galleries, some unnamed little masterpiece of the Italian, or Flemish, or old French schools, and give it a good place in either of the Paris Salons and what a *débâcle* there would be, what a stampede, what an explosion of soap-suds, how all these moderns would, to use the French expression, "break camp," or disappear like last year's flies into greasy spots upon the walls! We honestly believe it, only the little old gentleman of the Middle Ages and M. Louis Anquetin would be left behind to exchange a polite bow and smile. No wonder that the committee of the Société des Beaux Arts has tried to put him in the corner, *en pénitence*—this *enfant terrible*! In the kingdom of the one-eyed the two-eyed man is both a constant reproach and a public danger, for his very existence is subversive to the social order, a *lèse majesté*, a monstrous and blasphemous pretence to visual superiority over the whole of a respectable humanity cast by providence in a one-eyed mould. If M. Louis Anquetin is in the right, then all the others are in the wrong, and that, surely, is advancing a great deal. Would you really have these

gentlemen begin their business all over again? Remember that many of them are already middle-aged, and others greatly advanced in years. Official and popular recognition is theirs. Honours and distinctions have been showered upon them. They are members of the Institute and grand crosses of the Legion of Honour. Kings and queens dispute the privilege of being their sitters. Their coffers are literally overflowing with the dollars of American millionaires. You do not mean seriously to contend that *they cannot paint*! Well, if they can, there were some very eminent masters of painting who, curiously enough, are still universally acknowledged as such, among them Rembrandt, Rubens, to mention a couple of the ancients, Gainsborough and Delacroix, to drop down into more modern times, who either could not or would not paint, who were either strangely ignorant or obstinately perverse, for certainly nothing that they ever did, or tried to do, resembles in the remotest degree from the point of view of construction, or technique of painting the mud-pies of M. Léon Bonnat or M. Rochegrosse's ice-creams.

Anquetin seems to us to have solved almost wholly the problem of paint considered as the medium of coloured pictorial expression under conditions which establish a complete and lasting work of art. He has achieved, if not entirely, at least to a very great, to a brilliant and triumphant, degree, the suppleness, the solidity of construction which were the secrets of the old masters, and distinguish them so completely from the moderns. How admirable is the *ensemble* of his *Docteur Robin*! How transparent the colours, bright with a hidden fire within the picture and of it! the lights not being daubed on as a kind of superficial finish to the general effect, which is one modern manner, or achieved by ephemeral trickery which is another, but animating every inch of the canvas. And what backgrounds he gets! And then the facility and masterliness of it all! What other painter in these two exhibitions comes within shouting distance of Anquetin in respect of "giving to all matter its appropriate nature," which is the acknowledged goal, not always reached, of M. Carolus Duran, and the art and science of which enabled Rubens to paint with unimpeachable masterliness a square yard of canvas every day? It is but right to add that M. Leonard Sarluis, a much younger painter than M. Louis Anquetin, comes very close to him in power of technique and brilliant manipulation of colour, but the visitor to the Paris Salons will have no opportunity this year of examining his work, which has been most unjustly excluded. Inspired by the same conscientious aims, by the same contempt for the French academic methods which M. Auguste Rodin has always professed in sculpture, there is little doubt, however, that these two earnest and highly gifted men, M. Louis Anquetin and M. Sarluis, will sooner or later obtain the recognition and reap the reward which is certainly their due, a recognition for which in a parallel case M. Rodin has had to wait so long.

And truly of all the sculpture in the two Salons what is there of first-class interest outside of M. Rodin's "*Homme en Marche*"? His three female busts are marvels of subtlety and delicacy of expression. They are humanised marble. They show M. Rodin at his best as an interpreter of Nature in her most intimately graceful suggestions of line and volume. By an incredibly clever manipulation of shadows the sculptor has put living expression into the eyes of his two female heads. This effect may not be of the highest artistic quality; there is just a little disquieting note of trickery about it; but it is ineffably beautiful. In strong contrast with the refined detail of these busts is the splendid vigour of the "*Homme en Marche*." The sculptor has contented himself with developing the movement with its implied form of the thighs and legs of a mature masculine figure in the act of walking. The rest of the headless and armless body is merely roughly outlined, constituting a partial framework of puissant suggestive effect above the marvellously modelled limbs. M. Rodin has been reproached by certain

French critics for leaving formless so large a portion of the figure, but these objections come from people who fail to perceive that an artist is under no obligation to achieve more than he sets out to perform. M. Rodin, in spite of certain rival claims, may be looked upon as the pioneer in modern sculpture of that ingenious art of shadow manipulation for the purpose of obtaining vivid effects of colour and expression which he has so successfully used in the above-mentioned busts, and among his most intelligent disciples in the application of this method, Herr Arnold Hechberg, whose "L'Oubli," a head carved in high relief in an antique marble column, has, thanks to the shadows which fall mainly from the brow, an expression of magnificent and classical dignity which we shall remember.

The visitor to the Salon of the Société des Beaux Arts should not leave it without admiring the glorious ceramics of Taxile Doat, who, as the inventor of *porcelaine dure* and *grés flammés* in combination, is not only as great a pioneer as was Palissy in his time, but is at the same time an imaginative artist of the highest rank. The mantle of Catullus seems to have fallen upon his shoulders, and he has the gift, so rare among the craftsmen of manual arts, of real poetic conception. It is in fact a poorness of imagination, apart from the poorness of paint, which is another striking characteristic of the hundreds of mediocre paintings which this year crowd the walls of the Société des Artistes Français. Why will the painter try to think?

ROWLAND STRONG.

### A PLEA FOR THE MINOR POET

"IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"; and just now Tennyson's well-known couplet trips glibly off the tongue of the laughing Philistine. The writers for the comic papers are grinding out their old puerilities, and even the serious and dignified journals harbour sly allusions to the passion-stricken minor poet. For there is a widely prevalent notion that in the month of April the editor's post-bag is loaded down with a stock of impossible odes to skylarks. The minor poet who is content to wait humbly on the slopes of Parnassus, hoping all things, and enduring all things, must now and again feel his gorge rise as the gratuitous sneer passes round. I think that some one should undertake a defence of the minor poet. The mere fact that the adjective is applied at all, not let it be remembered as a means of differentiation, but in a spirit of open ridicule, is in itself an indignity that ought to be very properly resented. Who for example ever heard of any one speak of a minor musician or a minor painter? Yet whilst music and painting merely produce a thing in itself, poetry, if it is good minor poetry, suggests what exists outside the essence of the thing and is capable of much finer gradations of passion and fancy.

The grown man who writes verse is regarded either with good-natured contempt or with indifference, according to the estimate which may have been formed of him by a critical minority, whose verdict is accepted as a matter of course. The average reader is frankly ignorant on the subject of poetry, though if he must occasionally submit to it as in the case of "The Absent-Minded Beggar," he prefers a riot of sentiment or a boisterous jingling measure. And by a strange irony, though he is ignorant of the fact, the very poets to whom he lends a condescending ear are unquestionably minor poets—and very minor indeed at that.

We all know the man who when the subject of poetry is discussed exclaims at once: "Thank goodness! I never wrote a line of poetry in my life"; and the disclaimer is made with that evident sense of relief and thankfulness that might attach to a confession that he had never suffered from an infectious disease. No sooner does a youth

leave off scribbling Latin verses than the world enters into a conspiracy to prevent him ever again lapsing into the habit of verse, be it concerning love or any other passion that surges through the human soul. The attitude is that of the elder Weller: "Poetry is unnatural. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy!" Ridicule, though it may not kill poets (Shelley's "Adonais" notwithstanding), has, I doubt not, brought sharply to a standstill more than one promising youth whose beaming face was turned joyously toward the heights.

A journalistic friend of my own confesses that years ago he laboured with exaltation and joyousness at a spring lyric, and glowing with pride he carried it to the sanctum of a worldly minded editor. "Yes," said the editor solemnly when he had glanced it through, "leave it with me!" Two days later the pair accidentally met. "You may trust me implicitly," whispered the man in authority, "I burnt it, and not a soul shall ever know of its existence." I suspect that my friend, now and long since passed the heyday of youth, joins in the triumph of the Philistines. I know he regards that passionate spring-time lyric as among the indiscretions of an impetuous and hot-headed youth.

But editors are unsympathetic out of all proportion to the trials they undoubtedly have to endure from the wholly illiterate, and a small but extremely pertinacious class of leisured scribblers—clergymen and others—who write verse without the least conception of the rules of the game. The other day a young and enthusiastic poet sent a sonnet to a newspaper of high standing, and to his delight it was published. The editor, whose literary labours are confined to the editorials and who knows nothing of poetry, had no hand in the publication of the poem. Great was his astonishment a few days later when he was effusively greeted by the young poet: "I am delighted that you liked my sonnet. I must thank you for the splendid position you gave it." "Sonnet! sonnet!" exclaimed the bewildered journalist, "what the devil is a sonnet?"

It may be that the mild spirit of contempt which the average workaday journalist feels for the writer with a proclivity for verse is largely induced by the victim himself. Not very long ago a poet of established reputation among the Minors sent off a sixpenny telegram to the editor of a provincial daily paper containing the warning: "Sonnet on 5.20 train." The precious burden (subject to the ordinary freight charges) arrived safe and sound.

Then the Minor Poet is the Cinderella of the magazines. The editors calculate the value of his work with a foot rule, making sure that the poem does not overrun the spare half-page which he cannot otherwise fill. No matter how mighty the line, so far and no further! Was it not the printers' foreman who once brought the blush of pride to the cheek of Kipling, then himself a Minor Poet, by the remark, "I liked that little poem of yours immensely, Mr. Kipling. It just fit the column." One of those familiar rejection forms, cold-blooded printed things, drawn up with almost Oriental politeness, contains the warning that "No poem should exceed thirty lines." And this document emanates from a house that has a reputation for the highest standard of literary taste.

The derisive cry which was hurled at Keats—"Back to your Gallipots"—has always followed the young poet into the solitude of his dreams, vexing his tender soul and making him a furtive beggar at the Gate of Letters. It is no new thing, this contempt for the unhappy man who is moved to rhyme. The Elizabethans were as contemptuous as the educated reader of the twentieth century. Ben Jonson in *Bartholomew Fair* says: "I began shrewdly to suspect the young men of a terrible taint—Poetry." That word "taint" defines exactly the orthodox view of the divine gift. Almost all speakers and a large majority of writers think it necessary to apologise for quoting poetry in any serious company—and that not necessarily the poetry of the Minor. The



grown man who is known to write it is as much the subject of compassionate interest as a person with an ill-balanced mind or a strange and elusive disease. Yet the world is undoubtedly full of poets; locked up securely in countless desks, hidden away from the irreverent eyes of dearest and nearest, are budgets of odes and sonnets that will never see the light. It is only here and there that a man is seized with the irresistible impulse to give to the world the good thing that has come into his heart rather than that it should slip into the void. He is the Minor Poet; and down from the snow-topped heights of Kosciusco he tumbles into the unfeeling clutches of the Philistines.

Scott, in spite of his own many weak performances, had, I fancy, a mild contempt for the Minor Poet. There is an unfeeling passage in "Rob Roy" which supports the view that it were better for the Minor Poet that he had never been born. "To the memory of Edward, the Black Prince," reads Frank's father in astonishment. "What's all this?—verses! By heaven, Frank, you are a greater blockhead than I supposed you!" "Then," says the writer, "my father read the lines, sometimes with an affectation of not being able to understand the sense—sometimes in a mouthing tone of mock heroic—always with an emphasis of the most bitter irony, most irritating to the nerves of an author." What Minor Poet who does not number among his household such a one—if not father, then, most likely, wife.

I shall always feel grateful to Oliver Wendell Holmes for what he wrote about the Minor Poet. "What is forgotten," he said, "is this: that every poet, even of the humblest grade, is an artist." He does not ask for any more consideration than is bestowed upon the Minor in other arts; he asks, indeed, only to be left alone. But, as matters stand at present, the world would almost deprive him of the benefit of clergy.

ALFRED TURNER.

## THE TONE AND THE WORD

ALWAYS of an interest wider than that of the circumscribed and well-tilled field of the student, the old question of the association of music with poetry is assuming, in the light of the ceaseless and often restless experiments of contemporary composers, a new importance. It is strange, perhaps, in view of the comparative maturity of the forms in which the two independent arts are united—song, oratorio, opera—that the æsthetic problems underlying their co-partnership have not been more thoroughly investigated. It would be more strange but for the fact that, in art, practice almost invariably precedes theory, and not infrequently continues and ends in sublime indifference to it. "The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know," wrote Browning in "Abt Vogler"; and the creative artist, pressed unsympathetically for "explanations," must in the end fall back on that position. But it is not therefore the less natural that we should seek to discover, if not from him, the principles to which his work may be related—principles that may serve, incidentally, to determine for us the nature of the new and often strangely fascinating appeal of songs and vocal scores of larger scope written by such unquestioned masters of their craft as Richard Strauss, Max Reger, and Claude Debussy.

Intimate alliance or more, or unequal and half unwilling co-operation: is the former of these alternatives anything better than a deluding dream? "Like perfect music unto noble words," wrote Tennyson in symbol of the ideal mating of man and wife; and the phrase voiced a widely accepted belief in the power of music to enhance the emotional appeal of poetry, to impart to it greater clarity and resonance. According to this conception, poetry is ever the predominant partner, the male of immaculate virtue raised to the highest power of effective expression by a marriage of which not the least satisfying

feature is its indissolubility. And if, as Mr. Hadow has suggested in an essay on Berlioz, all deep emotion, however engendered, is one and the same, the perfect fusion of the two arts—in the language of chemistry, their actual "combination"—should, *a priori*, be realisable in some conditions if not in all.

But the matter is not quite so simple: another, and an apparently opposing consideration has to be taken into account at the outset. In "The School of Giorgione," it will be remembered, Walter Pater contends that the fine arts are not merely independent of each other, but reciprocally exclusive. It is a fundamental error, he tells us, to suppose that all of them draw on a single fixed quantity of imaginative thought: actually, each has its own special quality of beauty, untranslatable into the terms of any other. Each, too, strives to fulfil a condition realised most completely by music in its ideal moments—that of the obliteration of all distinction between manner and matter, between form and content. In other words, each seeks to be self-sufficing, to embody the perfect inherence of energy in form, the complete saturation of form with energy. And Wagner was giving collateral support to this tenet of Pater's when he wrote, in "Oper und Drama," that musical melody and verse melody are essentially different, and that the composer must take his verses in hand and break up their rhythm as a preliminary to imposing on them a new rhythm conditioned by a musical idiom.

Without regarding this reciprocal exclusiveness as absolute, it must be allowed that it is a basal factor in the problem. Rhythm, in its narrower connotation, can be reproduced in music readily enough: Sullivan has left it on record, for instance, that before looking for a melody for a song he made, in every case, a kind of shorthand *précis* of its scansion. But what may be called the tidal rhythm of a poem is not so easy of expression in other terms. The integral value of the single line and the activity of concrete thought are stubborn material for the alembic of the composer. And, further, the better the poem realises an ideal balance between formal idea and pure emotion, the more intractable it is from the point of view of the acquisitive musician. There is a sense in which it is no more possible to set Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" to music than to set Beethoven's C minor Symphony to words. Who but the merest tradesman among composers would lightly lay hands on:

The same that oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn?

The effect of music on a poem may be compared to the transforming effect of an unfamiliar light on a landscape that, seen for the hundredth time, suddenly takes on a new aspect through some unexpected play of shadow or the like. As Pater, in the essay to which reference has just been made, acutely suggests, the kind of scene that lends itself most easily to this trick of circumstance is that possessed of but little salient character of its own. Whatever Tennyson may have meant to convey by his simile of perfect music and noble words, he has confessed that none of the settings of lines of his own quite satisfied him; and the reason is most probably to be sought in this matter of salient features, in this elusive "special quality of beauty" that, like an evanescent colour in the course of some chemical reaction, defies the heavy-footed pursuit of the analyst.

There was a time when the composer's task seemed relatively easy. Broadly speaking, he regarded the poet as his humble servant: he took his lines, "saw something" in them, and sat down to wait for melodic phrases to which they might be fitted. The adjustment was not often accomplished without violence to the poem; unstressed syllables received strong accents, and lines and sentences were repeated without better reason than the demands of a musical fashion of utterance, or perchance of a mannerism. And this was not surprising when the

composer insisted on being the predominant partner, or when, like Schubert, he poured forth his profuse strains on the pretext of any inspiration, however trivial. But a process of evolution had already set in elsewhere in music, and the song had to give place to the *lied*. Cornelius, for whom Liszt fought so valiantly over "Der Barbier von Bagdad," endeavoured, often with a high degree of success, to bring about a closer union between the high contracting parties of the song as an art-form; and, almost simultaneously, Wagner was pursuing the colossal labours that were to open new territory to the composer of every degree. In the full expression of his genius that *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger* reveal, the voice part is, in his own phrase, as a skiff on a tide of melody, having no *raison d'être* apart from it. Composers of the present generation have not been slow to exploit the possibilities of this great conception. In the *lieder* of Richard Strauss, of Hugo Wolf, and of many another hardy explorer, the weaving of voice part and accompaniment into a continuous and seamless whole is carried to an extraordinary degree of plastic perfection. For any one who has entered into the spirit of certain of their settings, indeed, it becomes almost impossible to think of the poems apart from the music. It is significant that, in many cases, these songs are designated as "for voice and piano" or "for voice and orchestra"; and in view of the actual technical developments that have within living memory taken place in music—notably the virtual displacement of the old diatonic scale by the chromatic, and the enormously enhanced sense of tone-colour values—it is not unreasonable to hold that the work of Debussy, Max Reger, and the few bold spirits who may roughly be classed as of their "school," represents a real advance in intimacy of expression, in the fineness of truth in which, according to a well-known definition, beauty consists.

We are still far from having heard the last word on the problem. Developments in music as yet unforeseen may establish a new centre of gravity in song-writing—and even to-day there looms before us the possibility of the introduction of eastern scales, or of quarter-tones, or both, into our system. When these shall have had their effect, and the so-called natural inflections of the voice shall have been more scientifically studied, shall we be within sight of a new art, an organic union of two hitherto known in the relation of parallel lines or of circle and tangent? It may be doubted. The two can blend, like alien substances in an emulsion, so intimately as perfectly to satisfy the æsthetic palate; but that they can ever become one would seem to be a dream of the speculative imagination in quest of marvels. For in the practice of all the arts there must be a convention, a postulate, a "let it be granted"; and if the end of each is "to speak the highest wisdom in a language the reason does not understand," we are hardly justified in looking for a synthesis, a universal language in which each will no longer acknowledge responsibilities to its own material.

HOWARD BAYLES.

### THE INCOMPLETE BOOKSELLER

THERE is in Naples a Swedish bookseller who will tell any travelling Englishman all he wants to know about modern English books. Whether the Swede knows very much about books himself is another matter, but he knows quite enough to act as guide, philosopher and friend—and long practice has made him a master of these parts—to the tourist. He has another quality, more valuable, and one which enables him to sustain the others, that of being thankful for and eager to profit by such information about books as the traveller may give him in passing. Thus what he has learnt from the man who left yesterday he hands on to the man who arrives to-day. And what he knows about English books he

knows equally about French, Italian and German books, not to mention those produced by his own particular nation and the now divided sister Norway. Among other nations I have not followed him, but I am sure he could prattle pleasantly about them all.

Where shall we find such an English bookseller as this? We are much concerned about our books. Authors, publishers, and the managers of the *Times* Book Club, to say nothing of the members of the public who have stepped into the arena, have been fighting about them for many months. Only the booksellers have remained uninterested spectators of the struggle—uninterested but by no means disinterested. Indeed their aloofness in their business is somewhat remarkable. They are quite willing to hand over books you ask for—if they have got them. They will execute orders more or less quickly and more or less accurately, but interest in their wares and special knowledge about them, they have none. The haberdasher is ever ready to show you the newest thing and the newest variant on the newest thing, he bores you with suggestions, and upsets your content with his hint as to what you want or what you ought to want or what every one but you is wanting. He knows the price, the age, the use of every fashion; he tells you many things you didn't know before; he brings all his special knowledge to bear on your ignorance; and perhaps he cajoles you into ordering all sorts of things you will never use. But not so the bookseller. Book-buying is entirely a one-sided affair, and generally not a very pleasant or easy one. You have to know all about the new books, the new editions, the new translations, he knows nothing. To the expert and the professional this makes but little matter, though it is pleasant to find a responsive seller when you are buying anything, it is as stimulating as a capable and amiable co-talker. But most of the people who buy books are people who want "something" to read, and have the vaguest idea as to what it should be. There are, of course, certain bookshops where the assistants try to make suggestions, but I have heard them at their work and a miserable mess they make of it, offering the wrong people the wrong books, and disgusting or confusing their customers before any bargain is struck. But even these worthy failures are few to find. The ordinary bookseller desires you to ask for a particular book, provided that book should happen to be included in his stock. It is when you ask for a work which he hasn't got in his shop that the British bookseller comes out in all his glorious weakness. I will choose one example from many I could offer. Two weeks ago I went into one of the great English bookshops in Paris. As there are several the reader can choose which, for probably my experience might be capped at all of them. I asked for "The Country House," by John Galsworthy. The young man stared at me in an unfriendly way. He made no attempt to pretend that he knew the book or the author. For a moment I felt guilty. He looked as if he thought I was trying to buy a book in Paris which I shouldn't like to ask for in London. I repeated the title rather feebly. "It's been out about a fortnight," I said. "I never heard of it," he answered. "It's been very well reviewed," I repeated, "by all the literary papers." "Whom by, did you say?" "John Galsworthy." "I never heard of the author," he assured me. "He's the man who wrote 'A Man of Property,' you know." "We never had that book." Then I caught at a straw to preserve my dignity. "His play, *The Silver Box*, is being performed at the Court Theatre in London just now." "No doubt, no doubt," said the man, in a tone which suggested that there *was* grave doubt. "But we don't stock his works." Then we seemed to come to an *impasse*. He stared stolidly at me and I stared stupidly at him. I think the inclination of both of us was to put up our fists and have it out in good old English fashion. "He's a new author—for a bookseller," I said, "you should find about him." Perhaps to prevent himself from "answering back," he



turned swiftly to—if you please—a French assistant and made an inquiry. "Mais, oui, monsieur. Je connais cet auteur là," said the Frenchman with an encouraging smile, and offered to get the book for me. Doubtless he was lying, but his smile cheered and soothed me, and I managed to say that it didn't matter with some grace. But as I walked out of the shop I am sure the English assistant watched to see that I didn't "lift" a *Strand Magazine*.

That is only one of many like experiences. And how shameful it is. A bookseller who doesn't know anything of a new book which is being widely, and deservedly, talked about; a tradesman who has never heard the name of a man who is supplying his trade with his novel and attractive wares. And this ignorance is common in London, the worst feature of it being that the ignorance too often seems wilful. It may be some trade secret which makes a bookseller positively discouraging if not rude when you ask for a book he hasn't got by an author he doesn't "stock." But it is not good for the trade.

What a pleasant trade it might be! Many a young man who is not quite suited to the church, or finds an office stool irksome, or wants to learn something not only of authors but of men and women, might sell books to his greater happiness and profit. I am sure that to benefit the booksellers, and so also the authors, publishers and public, all that is wanted is an intelligent class of men who know something of books and take an interest in them. They need know so little, yet that little would make all the difference. A fairly clever salesman should know enough about books and human nature to be able to encourage or discourage a client. Some years ago there was a bookseller in Oxford Street who did know enough, and I have spent many pleasant hours in his shop hearing him attract his customers. Sometimes I would tell him of a book he had not heard of and give him a hint as to its purport. That was enough for him. From behind a friendly pile of books I would hear him detailing its merits to the next customer, and expressing surprise that he or she had not heard of it. If he hadn't got it in stock he wouldn't give them time to ask to have a look at it. "You must read it," he would say; "I shall send it to you to-night." Or if he had the book to hand he would force it on them thus: "It's a good book, take it home with you." But such a rare bird was he that ladies came in to have long literary chats with him, and he wasted so much of his time with them that, I am sorry to say, he went from Oxford Street to Carey Street, though I think he took the Stock Exchange on the way, so that his failure was not really due to his knowing how to sell books.

If I had a bookshop I should engage as assistants only young men who had passed a little examination which I should set them. It would not be a hard one, and some of the questions would take this form: Given certain authors which would you recommend (1) to a lady of fifty with a carriage and pair; (2) to a man of sixty with a single eye-glass, white hair and a black moustache; (3) to a girl of twenty with white gloves? I should expect them to know the difference between a "Burne-Jones" girl, a suffragette, and a widow. Then I should insist on all my assistants reading carefully two literary weekly papers, noting all the books published during the week, and especially studying the reviews. Every Monday morning I should examine them briefly on their reading of these two papers, and I am sure my bookshop would be a success. But the pity is that all booksellers do not adopt such methods. They ought to, for it is high time they set their houses in order. At present the English bookseller is the least competent and the most casual of tradesmen. And that is a pity, for, ignorance of their wares apart, and the irritation which follows on that ignorance, they are, as they ought to be, a pleasant set of fellows. You can hardly live in a bookshop without being pleasant, you ought not to live in one without knowing something about books.

REGINALD TURNER.

## A GREAT ELIZABETHAN POET

THE undeserved neglect which has overtaken the poetry of Richard Barnfield is exemplified by the fact that the complete edition of his poems, edited by Mr. Edward Arber, in the English Scholar's library series, is the only public reprint of his poems ever made. With the exception of the oft-quoted Ode to the Nightingale which has been included in almost every anthology I remember, his work has been completely ignored. This is all the more extraordinary when one considers that his name has been associated with that of Shakespeare in the "Passionate Pilgrim," and by his generous tribute to Shakespeare's genius contained in the poem entitled "A Remembrance of some English Poets," a fact which would, one would have thought, have drawn attention to him apart even from the great beauty of his work. Barnfield is a remarkable instance of the effect that Oxford always had, and still has, on the minds of her sons. Scores of undergraduates in the last twenty years have gone up to Oxford, and under the influence of that wonderful place have written poetry (astonishingly good poetry sometimes), and have then gone down, and once removed from the Oxford atmosphere, never written a line again. Barnfield went up to Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1589, at the age of fifteen, and though his first publication "The Affectionate Shepherd," appeared only in 1594, when he had reached the age of twenty, there can be little doubt that he was writing poetry and circulating it among his friends during his residence in Oxford. In his fore-word to his next published volume "Cynthia," which also contained twenty sonnets and the poem "Cassandra," his reference to "the last terme" proves that he was still addressing himself to his friends at Oxford, though he had then actually "gone down."

Gentlemen [he says] the last terme there came forth a little toy of mine, intituled *The Affectionate Shepherd*: In the which his country content found such friendly favour, that it hath encouraged me to publish my second fruites. . . . Thus hoping you will beare with my rude conceit of *Cynthia* (if for no other cause, yet for that it is the first imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet, Maister Spencer, in his *Fayrie Queen*), I will leave you to the reading of that which I so much desire may breed your Delight.

His sonnets have been compared from the nature of their subject-matter to those of Shakespeare, but they are obviously merely *exercises* addressed to an entirely imaginary person, and beautiful as they are, from their honeyed and iridescent diction, they are entirely devoid of the blood and fire of passion with which Shakespeare "unlocked his heart" in those supreme cries of his tortured and wounded soul. The same remarks can be applied to his "Affectionate Shepherd" which as he explains in the fore-word quoted above, "is nothing else, but an imitation of 'Virgill' in the second eclogue of Alexis." Barnfield, like Shelley, like Mr. Swinburne, and like another poet whom I may not name, did not ever take his degree. Poets have always loved Oxford and Oxford (the real Oxford, the genius of the place, the mother of all her loving sons) has always loved poets. But then as now official Oxford was very often the antithesis of the real Oxford; the same pathetically fallacious belief on the part of dons and professors that they are Oxford, existed then as it exists now. This is not to say that there is any record that Barnfield actually came into direct conflict with the powers that were in his time, but anyhow the known facts are: that he was a poet, a charming gentleman, and, very evidently, a most accomplished and learned scholar, and—that he didn't take a degree. Probably he was "sent down" for some trifling peccadillo. He is supposed to have entered Gray's Inn when he came to London, but as Mr. Arber tells us in his careful and valuable introduction his name does not appear in the Index of Admittances. "Cynthia" appeared when he was twenty-one and the "Encomium of Lady Pecunia," "The Complaint of Poetrie for the death of Liberalitie," and the "Poems in divers humours" in 1598 when he was

in his twenty-fifth year. From that time forward he ceased to write poetry. If he had died then he would surely have been preserved in the memory of lovers of English literature as a "peerless boy," cut off just as he was reaching the maturity of his genius. But instead he went to live on his own estate in Shropshire and lived to the age of fifty-one the life of an ordinary county gentleman. Who knows, he may have lived to be ashamed of his early and youthfully innocent indiscretions; perhaps he did not wish it to be generally known that he had written poetry, and it may be that the neglect which has overtaken him was the result of his own relapse from the beautiful aspirations of his shining youth. Perhaps—but I prefer to think of him in his later life as a charming, cultivated and amiable man shedding the light of a wise and suave humanity, a gracious and mellow scholarship on all those who were fortunate enough to be within his sphere of influence.

His very best work was achieved at once, he does not fall from his own high level in his later poems, but he certainly does not rise above it. As an example of his wonderful power over words I cannot do better than to quote these lines from "Hellens Rape, or a light lanthorn for light ladies," contained in his first volume. They are written in English Hexameters:

Flowers were fram'd of flints, walls, Rubies, Rafters of Argent;  
Pavement of Chrysolite, windows contriv'd of a Cristall:  
Vessels were of gold, with gold was each thing adorn'd:  
Golden webs more worth than a wealthy Souldan of Egypt,  
And her selfe more worth than a wealthy Souldan of Egypt,  
And her selfe more worth than all the wealth she possess'd;  
Selfe! Indeede such a selfe, as thundering Jove in Olympus,  
Though he were father could find in his haste to be husband.

First they fell to the feast, and after fall to a dancing,  
And from a Dance to a Trance, from a Trance they fell to a falling,  
Either in other armes, and either in armes of another.

And Astræa fades before she faints to be falling.

What crafty skill, what wealth of vocabulary, what deftness of alliteration and cunning repetition, that could turn the English Hexameter, that nightmare of every other poet who tried it, into this gorgeous poetry. One has only to think for a moment of Longfellow's

Children's children sit on his knee and hear his great watch tick,  
to realise over what unplumbed and uncharted depths of bathos this wonderful Elizabethan boy fearlessly and safely sailed in his silver ship of verse.

A. D.

## THE VAMPIRE

ONE whose opinion I value very highly was complaining the other day of the tyranny of the novel, and ended with a wish for the revival of the essay. Those who have anything to say nowadays are afraid that no one will read it unless it is expressed by means of fiction: those who have nothing to say, but can catch the trick, put out volume after volume of scraps stolen from the six or seven living novelists and the sixty or seventy dead ones who had dreams or thoughts to sell—volumes that contain not a single genuine thought, not a single sincere emotion, not a single living or lifelike character. And not one of them but runs to its three hundred pages, and costs its four and sixpence cash.

Now it is as easy to lie in an essay as in a novel, as easy to be imitative and as easy to be feeble. But it is impossible to take up so much space. A story will spin out of itself. The hack novelist has only to borrow his characters and give them new names: it will be hard if he cannot find incidents or even whole plots in the same storehouse; and there he has his sixty thousand or eighty thousand words. Let him borrow an idea for an essay, and his poverty of invention will bring him to a stop at six thousand, and the world is the richer by at

least fifty-four thousand unwritten words. There is another advantage, too, about the essay. In spite of "the reading public's" rooted preference for twaddle, the feeble essayist proves himself feeble more quickly and clearly than the feeble novelist. There is no incident to distract the attention. Where nothing "happens," the "reading public" cannot be lured on to "see what happens." The nakedness of the land is clear at first sight.

Putting aside the "reading public" and the hack novelist, a revival of the essay would be a boon both to the few genuine authors and to those who have a taste for literature. It is absurd to suppose that every living novelist chose the novel because he found it artistically the best vehicle of expression for his idea. He chose it because it was the fashion, and finds himself compelled by the fashion to cumber what he has to say with a mass of flummery. In an essay he could be far more direct, more personal, more sincere. He could meet his readers face to face, instead of dodging behind a row of puppets. And, rightly used, the essay would allow him far more freedom of movement. If he wants to dance before his readers, to be fanciful, whimsical, uncertain, capricious, wilful, he can dance himself, instead of pulling the strings of figures who are only dolls after all. If he wants to make you think, he can attack your mind direct; if he wants to make you feel—is there anything more moving than some of the essays of Elia? If he wants to paint you a picture of his times—Addison or Steele will do that better for you than the modern novelist.

The essay, then, can do nearly all that the novel can do (except provide hashed "plot" for the "reading public") and a great deal that it cannot. There was a time in the past when the essay did a signal service, which it might well be asked to repeat now. The comedy of the Restoration was overloaded with extraneous things, much as some modern fiction is overloaded, because it was the fashion to write comedies, and there was no other means handy of saying what was to be said. The very servants in Congreve or Vanburgh are pressed into the task of delivering—in the most finely polished prose—the author's views on society and morals. Then Steele and Addison invented the essay. Comedy was relieved of work which had never by right belonged to it, and became, in the hands of Farquhar, for instance, a director, cleaner form than it had ever been before. Not only that, good comedy became rarer: the distinction between good and not good became sharper. How we should thank the essay to-day if it could make our good fiction better by relieving it of its unjustly imposed burdens; and separate by a sharper line the authors to whom fiction was the inevitable mode of expression from those to whom it was not! The "reading public" would still have the novels of its taste, perhaps; but the genuine lover of literature would be spared the pain of seeing talent perverted, of trying to get at a man's meaning through a mass of the wrappings imposed on it by the fashion. While the feeble essayist, as we have seen, would stamp himself as feeble and negligible quickly, and could go back to the novel for the "reading public" or take to selling butter.

The worst, or the best, of it is that the essay is an uncommonly difficult form to manage—almost as difficult and as fascinating as the sonnet. Looking round, we find few living writers who have any gift for it, or make any serious effort to handle it properly. The friend to whom I referred above declares that it was killed by the essays of a certain lady whose preciosity is no less remarkable than her seriousness. He overstated the case. The lady has doubtless frightened away half the readers who might have found joy in the essay; but she acted from good, if mistaken motives in struggling nobly to conceal in a tangle of words any personality she might possess. She was shocked by the slackness, the formlessness, the slippered ease of the "columns" contributed to the daily papers and the illustrated papers by fluent journalists. She was



right to dislike them; but she chose the wrong method of counteracting them. There is only one method of doing that: the method of absolute honesty. Be yourself, and say what you think at the moment—and time and taste will tell if your cheque from newspaper-proprietor or publisher is to be the limit of your reward. Spontaneity is the great charm of the essay, the charm which gives Charles Lamb his value and is worth more to Steele even than his exquisite sense of form. No one will imagine that spontaneity is incompatible with hard work; but the most important work is done not on the essay, but on the mind that conceives it. Make yourself as wise and as witty and as learned as you can, and the essay will look after itself. There is no form of literature that depends so much on the personality, the character and the attainments of the author.

Perhaps that is why Mr. Quiller-Couch is the best living essayist. (Mr. Swinburne lives—for ever—but writes no more: Mr. Birrell is dead and buried—in politics: the "works" of Max Beerbohm were finally collected years ago.) Mr. Quiller-Couch knows more, he feels more deeply, he is more alive and more himself than any other. Contrast his little paper on "The Secret" in the prospectus of the Oxford Pageant with a paper on the same subject by Mr. G. W. E. Russell in his new book "Seeing and Hearing" (Grant Richards). But Mr. Russell is to be reckoned with. He has observation, fancy, and a pleasant whimsicalness. What he needs is more depth, more trust in himself, and less in the doctrines of the Anglican Church and principles of his political party. Then there is Mr. Arthur Benson, who would do much better if he would follow the example of the Devon farmers, and keep every one short of milk in order to have plenty of cream for them. Then there is Dr. Edmund Gosse, who (though he might be ruled out of the list as a specialist) would make an exquisite miscellaneous writer if he chose. There are plenty more; and if there is no Hazlitt among them, it is mainly the novel's fault. Let the vampire be slain.

H. C.

## CATECHISMS AND STATUES

WHEN on Monday morning of last week a certain little boy was informed that a distinguished man had made a new catechism for children he reflected for a few moments and then asked: "Is that an extra one?" Poor little chap, he is suffering so much, as the rest of us have done, from catechisms already in existence that the prospect of an extra one to plague him, depressed him terribly. The first thing to do was to relieve his feelings on this point. The next was to try the effect of Sir Oliver Lodge's proposed catechism upon him. "What are you?" he was asked. "I am a boy," he answered. Presumably even in heaven he would get one mark for that answer. Not even an archangel could deny that he is a boy. But to get the full number of marks this is what he would have had to learn to reply: "I am a living being on the earth with a body ascended from animals and a spirit descended from God." It is a sad fact that the little heathen did not seem a bit awed or surprised when this beautiful admixture of Darwinism and Dogma was read out to him. It is even probable that he still believes he is just a boy, ascended from a gooseberry bush. What a lot he has to learn. He was next tried with what are called Nos. 2 and 3, although there seems to be only one question: "What is the chief difference between animals and man?" That certainly set him thinking. It became quite clear that he was interested, and in a little he gave forth this answer: "Animals bite and men shoot with a gun." Now, Sir Oliver Lodge would have this little savage know that the difference is as follows: "Man can choose between right and wrong. He is not in a state of innocence like animals. He is conscious of a fall when

he has done wrong." Observe what this boy, this product of centuries of civilisation and Christianity, has yet to learn before he can "say his Catechism." He has to conceive of an "innocent" tiger. And when he finds out as his Latin studies progress that *innocent* comes from *in*; not, and *nocere*, to hurt, he will have to make a painful choice between the credibility of Sir Oliver Lodge and the tiger-hunters. If it came from *in*, not, and *nocere*, to know, he would see at once that the tigers, poor things, do not know any better. When they devour a chance traveller they are not "conscious of a fall"; they are conscious merely of being full.

It was soon found to be useless persevering with the boy. He could evolve nothing at all resembling the new Catechism answers, and that of course is the best proof of the necessity for the Catechism. Besides, he proceeded to ask who made the new Catechism. He evidently thought that catechisms had always been there. When told that the author's name was Sir Oliver Lodge, he wanted to know if Sir Oliver Lodge was a man. A most distressing question this, for nobody likes to impair the reverence that all children ought to feel for the maker of a catechism. The case would not have been so embarrassing if Sir Oliver Lodge had been a bishop, but how to give an apostolic air to a chemist who is a knight passed the parent's wit, and the subject was dropped. More properly the parent closed it peremptorily, for the boy—and he is not a boy in any but a catechismal light—began to be uncomfortably inquisitive about catechisms and their makers.

For relief the parent turned to the question of Living Statuary in the music-halls, and found to his surprise that this also was being settled by way of catechism. The catechist in this case was the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and his class was composed of eminent public men like Sir Andrew Terrance, M.P., and Mr. Lucas Malet. We do not suppose for a moment that the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* takes his catechism so seriously as Sir Oliver Lodge does his. But it occurred to the before-mentioned British parent to see if the Lodge catechism threw any light on the moral aspect of Living Statuary. Passing over the consideration that Living Statuary is a nonsensical combination of words he found this: "What is our duty? To be helpful and industrious. To endeavour to be good. To learn the rules of life and to obey them." Try as he would, and the parent in question is a fairly ingenious man, he could not fit the statuary into any of these monitions. There is no "rule of life" that requires one to look at statues or avoid them. The other week we saw a British tourist, wearing a golf cap, stand in the statuary room of the Luxembourg Museum, amidst the terribly overcrowded forms of marble gods and mortals, mostly with nothing on them, and we found him vastly more interesting than the statues. He was surveying them in all their nakedness at the distance of about a foot. When a lady, who might be an artist, came near him he was manifestly embarrassed, and moved aside the space of a yard. Then he resumed his conscientious scrutiny. We would have given a good deal—our *honorarium* for this paper, for example—to know what was passing in that more or less honest Englishman's brain. Evidently you cannot study the artistic effect of a statue at twelve inches distance. It was long odds that he did not know La Pêcheuse from La Pécheresse, Minerva from Mary Magdalene. But perhaps he had learned the "rules of life" as well as any of us, and was obeying them, or not disobeying them to the best of his lights. Where these rules are to be found in a succinct and comprehensible form we do not know, and Sir Oliver Lodge does not tell us. He only tells us to learn them. Perhaps his next literary effort will be "The Rules of Life." We hope he will make them as easy as he can.

In the matter of the Living Statues however, it is a strange thing that no more guidance is afforded by the *Daily Chronicle* catechism than we find in Sir Oliver's.

Mr. A. Bruce-Joy, sculptor, says he has not seen them, and does not want to see them. That sounds like the resolution of a man "trying to be good," if only he had stopped here. But he gives his reason which is, that "they are a travesty of a noble art;" and he adds that "art is art because it is not nature." That observation strikes one between the eyes with the happy obviousness of the answer to a conundrum. The living statues thought they were art and they turn out to be merely nature, which is very vulgar. Dr. Forbes Winslow considers that "living pictures in general exert a baneful influence on impressionable minds;" while Lord Radstock, who has never been in a music-hall, believes that "living statuary must be most harmful and corrupting." Mr. Charles Hawtrey opines that "in all such matters it is safe to trust to the good taste of the public and of the managers." Personally we think this is the only answer that gets to the root of the matter. The catechism otherwise is a melancholy failure, for the answers kill one another. But Mr. Hawtrey throws real light on the matter—this way. Mr. Hawtrey appears on the stage and enacts a person who usually is not very truthful or faithful. The public laugh and applaud. A girl appears covered with enamel only and represents, not a living being, but a dead thing of stone. The public gaze and applaud. What is the difference? This precisely: that the girl is naked. English ladies, young and not so young, appear at theatre and opera only partially clad—clad only so far that if you were to take them unawares on a stair in such a condition they would rush away and hide. Can anybody see a "rule of life" for a catechism in all this? Obviously it is public taste. Mr. Hawtrey says *good* taste, but the adjective begs the question. A man who cannot look on Living Statuary without being demoralised should avert his eyes from the stalls and boxes of the theatres. Let him remember that "he is not in a state of innocence like animals." But if by self catechism he finds he is not demoralised let him repose in safety on public taste. He may then gaze with equal interest on the living statues on the stage, and the living nature in the boxes. If public taste is to change let the boxes begin.

ADAM LORIMER.

## THE WORTH OF ATTITUDE

HAVE been consulting the dictionary to discover the correct meaning of the latter word. In doing so I happened upon a quotation by Macaulay. He is speaking of England, and opines that she occasionally took up a menacing *attitude*, although she remained inactive. With this particular position, and its modern application, I propose to deal. It is common knowledge that with caste and class the point of view differs materially—that, for example, with the higher classes conviction matters least, whilst the attitude to be adopted matters most. I do not suggest that it is wilfully so. It is really a question of policy, and upon a point of social polity the wealthier classes are conscious that certain traditions are vital to the upkeep of good government, and essential for the retention of their class-position. To have attained a point of view argues a fair amount of experience and no little power of reasoning. Upon consideration it will be found that however much an individual has reasoned himself into a conviction, such will be quickly discarded when he is called upon to take up a definite personal interest in a public matter. It is the frank recognition of this necessity which is responsible for the growth of this diplomacy. It becomes desirable, by adopting a given attitude in an affair of national import, that an impression should be conveyed to the country being dealt with, that certain facile proceedings would ensure certain happy results. It would render matters more complex than they need be to point out that the larger share of those results would accrue to the

attitudinarians. Thus it may be argued that though there was no direct attempt to deceive still the action was in effect insincere. Certainly it was doing evil that good might come. But the obvious defence is that the other nation might equally have been culpable.

In virtue of this argument it may be contended that an essay of this character should have been labelled, "An Inquiry into the Value of Sincerity." That would be to misinterpret the question. Though there can be little doubt as to the face-value of this rare virtue, still it is out of court when we are regarding modern social assets. For sincerity is one of the ideals we treasure, but, being a precious jewel, it is kept in a hidden place. A man may have his Sunday virtues and his week-day vices, yet he is seldom so anachronistic as to forget the set days for the practice of either. It is the mark of gentility to refuse to recognise insincerity as such. There are other and politer terms. It often happens that two people in concluding a bargain are equally aware of the deception they have practised upon one another—the one wishes to hide his urgent desire to sell, the other his urgent desire to buy. It is considered the height of diplomacy to conceal either of these passions, though its utility is not apparent to the unsophisticated. I trust I do not forget to render due reverence to the illusions of modern life. It is matter for regret that the realities are mostly illusions, while what we consider illusions are the only realities. Most of our illusions are traditionary. Unfortunately one must appear profane when he proceeds to the evaluation of tradition. And attitude and tradition are so closely interwoven that it is difficult to tell where the one begins and the other ends. A man may hold a distinctive attitude upon the subject of painting. He may attitudinise as a lover of Impressionist Art, not because it affords him any new joy, but sheerly out of a sense of appearing exclusive whilst his disregard of the old Masters may arise from an imperfect acquaintance with their work. In any case sincerity cannot be expected. What is important to the connoisseur is the attitude adopted. Your cosmopolite art-lover is the bugbear of the "School" fanatic. It is the fashion in art which tells most. Negatively this may accomplish what no amount of special pleading will do. The reason is not far to seek. In composing an army the opinion of each unit is disregarded. It is when the services of the unit are employed in the movement of the grand aggregate that so much is added to the profit of the cause. Nuances of opinion cannot count when the movement is unanimous.

To the worship of precedent (sometimes called convention) and appeal to the pecuniary advantage of the unit, most of the success of a political party is due. The position is not derived through a lack of principle, but from the candid avowal of the value of attitude. Only the violent Nihilist would describe parliamentary members as the parts of the machinery. Such a critic fails to understand that whatever good a parliamentarian might judge to accrue from the acceptance of some measure of government, is turned aside on behalf of an attitude which demands that he shall serve the interests of his party first. It is somewhat to the credit of England that there are so many self-denying people who are ready to allow their own ideals to stand aside for the sake of their party. To the man of the world the correct attitude is the salient factor in his life. To him it becomes the categorical imperative. He is ever a close follower of the fashion in morals. Doubtless it is hard to realise that morals can ever change. The evidence nevertheless is very strongly in favour of this assumption. One has only to compare the children's moral tales of the early part of the nineteenth century with those of the latter part, to note the difference. The ease with which an adult forms a juvenile code of morals is only equalled by the difficulty a child finds in squaring them with the practice of his elders. Each generation has its code, just as it has its varied ideals of virtue. Elizabethan morality may be the immorality of to-day, and early Victorian immorality the



morality of present-day society. The average man does not adopt a code of morals from any acute sense of ethics. The chief cause of its presence is attitudinarianism. He is a parent and it is needful that the young ones be furnished with an *ensample*, and his own sense of moral pride is sufficiently high to desire recognition, public or otherwise. The number of men who make public protestation of their goodness is a constant contradiction of the maxim that "Virtue is its own reward." The status conferred on the philanthropist by acknowledging his gift, is surely a public attitude which recognises that advertisement is the reward of merit, and the adoption of that attitude is an earnest of favours to come. If a millionaire should make a habit of presenting public baths, the receivers of the gift have no right to infer that the sermon preached is that cleanliness is next to godliness, nor that their township has been selected as being in most need of cleansing. Similarly the gift of a public library to a town is no inference as to the ignorance of its natives, although it may be true that the least-librariated place usually possesses the best informed people. The philanthropist's gifts are not questions of points of view, they are indications of his mental attitude. The donor of a bath may have a desire to be remembered as a domestic benefactor knowing that the pursuit of cleanliness is one of the most hard-worked of the virtues, whilst the donor of a library may wish his name to mingle with the use of the lowliest or highest literature, amongst civilians given over to emotional abandon in the fields of romance. Consult a physician respecting a disease which he cannot diagnose, he will still assume an attitude of knowledge. It is the fashion of his profession to do so, or at least their custom to veil their ignorance. To do them justice, this attitude is not of their own seeking. Remember the fable of the eastern king who, when his prophets could not prophesy in the manner he wished most, shut them up until they proved more amenable to reason; or else he put an end to the days of their prophecy. And the prophets, being only human, generally managed to arrange things to the king's taste. The attitude of innocence adopted by the defendant in a civil action is an intimation to his legal adviser that he expects all the assistance of forensic argument to convince him of the injustice that is being thrust upon him.

It may be said that all these observations are fallacies. Then it is well to remember that although most attitudes are fallacies, not all fallacies are attitudes.

ROBB LAWSON.

## FICTION

*From One Man's Hand to Another.* By G. H. BREDÁ. (Unwin, 6s.)

It cannot be truthfully said that vol. xiv. of the First Novel Library maintains the high standard of its predecessors, for the author of "From One Man's Hand to Another" makes an hysterical effort to depict the emotions of the artistic temperament and fails because of lack of imagination. The story is built on well-worn foundations. There is the familiar youth of eighteen, who throughout the book is called "The Boy," and we have his inaffinity in the person of a woman of forty who is, of course, termed "The Woman." "The Boy" is introduced to us in the opening chapter, the scene of which is laid in Ireland. He is at this period a gawky youth who does not quite understand the significance of the fact that his sister is about to give birth to an illegitimate child. Then comes upon the scene the artist who is not an artist—in other words, a teacher of painting. He discovers the talent in "The Boy" and in due course takes him to London. Here "The Boy" meets "The Woman," who has a past of the length of forty years. It is she who has been passed from one man's

hand to another for over twenty years, but "The Boy" does not mind a little thing like that. He falls in love with her, and she tries to discourage him as Lais is inclined to do when she becomes sentimental. It is of no use, however, "The Boy" has his way, and for a short period they live together, "The Woman" having previously declined to marry him because she is forty—an excuse which will strike most persons as being rather inadequate. Later "The Woman" breaks away to return to her old life, and "The Boy" goes back to the Irish farm where he passes a year in manual labour. But he meets "The Woman" again—the first love-scene is repeated—she goes away into her old world, and "The Boy" is satisfied. He puts her in the "picture of the year" and prospers. That is all. It is difficult to criticise the author's crude style. Apparently there is a firm belief amongst budding authors that to produce an effect in words it is only necessary to write a series of short, sharp sentences without any particular regard to redundancy or grammar. In this book we have a weary iteration of one-line paragraphs and abrupt sentences which are unpleasantly crude. Candidly the story is a failure from every point of view and if "G. H. Bredá" is desirous of creating interest he or she must work upon different lines altogether. The public does not desire imitations, while the critic is equally averse from judging books which are not worth the time and attention they demand.

*The Great Plot.* By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

BEFORE the popularity and fecundity of Mr. William Le Queux criticism must be silent. What remains to be said of a book of three hundred and seventy-six pages crown octavo, of which, on page one, the author declares it to be "a story so strange, so mysterious, so utterly incomprehensible, so complicated, and so bewildering that even to one versed in the art of recounting facts its telling becomes a difficult task"? The claim is more than justified by the following three hundred and seventy-five pages. From the mysterious murder by unknown assailants of the daughter of an English county family on her wedding-day, while the guests are still at luncheon, the story takes its plunge into deep waters, leading to scenes, intrigues, and adventures in London, Paris and St. Petersburg, in plots and counter-plots involving the loves, and lives and deaths of crowned monarchs, cosmopolitan countesses, simple English gentlemen and sinister Russian revolutionaries. It is a story of the true Queux brand with a thrill on every page, and the curtain comes down with a bang at the close of each chapter. The whole is perfectly prepared after the similitude of an eighteen-penny *table-d'hôte* dinner in Soho.

*A Legal Practitioner.* By CHRISTIAN TEARLE. (Routledge, 2s. 6d.)

A HALF-CROWN novel is not necessarily a bad novel. Most of them are, nevertheless. It is pleasing to come across one that is not at all bad. The scheme of "A Legal Practitioner" is not very encouraging; it professes to be a collection of stories from the professional experience of a solicitor who has chambers in Gray's Inn. The cheaper monthly magazines have given us rather a surfeit of this sort of thing, and the reviewer is agreeably surprised to discover, on reading these five stories by Mr. Christian Tearle, that some of them have distinctly good points. "A Passive Resister" is an excellent tale; it describes the difficulties which beset a Dissenting minister, rather a nice little man in his way, after he had allowed his "conscience" to stifle his sense of legal rectitude. "Water Rights" contains amusing studies of rustic character, and the account of the rival land-owners' law-suit makes a good chapter. "The Calamity of Charles Hartrigg" is almost worthy of the pen of Mr. Robert Hichens. The last story, which describes the adventures in London of the Rev. Patrick Angus, B.A.,

a superannuated parson of irrepressible cheerfulness, with his one visiting card and his painfully shabby clothes, proves beyond all manner of doubt that Mr. Christian Tearle has a distinct gift for characterisation. His book is well worth half a crown, and we shall look to him for something more in the same excellent vein that these stories are written in.

*The Money-Lender.* By BURFORD DELANNOY. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

It is difficult to criticise a novel which is frankly a sensational detective story, and nothing more. Of literary merits "*The Money-Lender*" has of course none, and the author's habit of leaving out all the pronouns at the beginning of his sentences often renders it almost impossible to follow his meaning. His other cherished trick of style is that of joining together by hyphens any number, from three to ten, of consecutive words. What his particular purpose is in doing this we are unable to fathom.

She threw off the world-has-no-charm-for-me air of "anything will do" when talking to her dressmaker, and exhibited a keen interest in the shade of grey submitted for her approval, betraying even an excitement over the question of the buttons matching the material. There was reason.

Horace Williams appeared upon her horizon. He had white teeth, dark eyes and hair, and a moustache which would need a novelette writer to thoroughly describe and do justice to it. He might have stepped off a page in "*The Girl's Very Own Paper*."

This is a sample of Mr. Burford Delannoy's style. Whether it is superior to or up to the level of that of the journal which he is presumably holding up to ridicule, is for the reader to determine. It would be wasted time to criticise the action of the story or discuss the characters. The author's sentiments are mostly in questionable taste, and he clothes them in execrable English.

*Parson Croft.* By NORMAN INNES. (Nash, 6s.)

It is a pity that so many novelists, when writing of past times, should think it necessary to fill their pages with archaisms, and the mouths of their characters with a jargon that is not and never was English. It is true that Scott did this, and Stevenson also in his worst novel; but the former triumphed in spite of his many faults of style, and the latter damned it in his saner mood with the name of "tushery." This is Mr. Innes's first book, and its pages contain a maddening number of inversions; "tush" and "methinks" are not absent, and his characters invariably address one another in the second person singular. But when we have grumbled at these things, we are pleased to welcome the author as the writer of a spirited and exciting romance. The action takes place chiefly in France in the year 1714, and the reader who has the temperament for such things will spend most of his time driving along dusty roads, with a drawn rapier in one hand, and a pistol in the other. To rescue lovely ladies from the hands of ruffians, to outwit villainous innkeepers, to avoid being poisoned by one's enemies, to engage in endless races with a strong conviction of ultimate success, what better life can a man desire? Even the villain in this book is permitted to make a thrilling escape from the Châtelet, so generous is Mr. Innes with his adventures; and to those who can overlook a crude style for the sale of a good story, we heartily commend "*Parson Croft*."

*The White Hand and the Black.* By BERTRAM MITFORD. (Long, 6s.)

THIS is a tale of the Natal Rising, which should please those who like the modern combination of boy's book and love-story. It begins with a dark and mysterious prologue in which Mr. Mitford humbugs his readers very prettily, and it ends with two marriages and champagne for lunch. Between these two points there are other desirable things; a heroine with blue eyes and an aureole of golden hair, a

Zulu of great though somewhat complex nobility, an interesting account of the causes that led to the rising of the natives, much local colour and best of all some very fine fighting. Indeed, if the author had given us more fighting and a little less local colour, our debt would have been the greater, though we recognise his knowledge of the country and the wayward children who inhabit it. Mr. Mitford is more successful with his men than with his women, though his heroine has the two customary qualifications for that position in modern fiction, an unusual Christian name, and a certain charming disagreeableness, which, in her case, expresses itself in the snubbing of shy young men and in suspecting her father of murder. The book is written in slipshod and interjectory English.

*The Chorus Girl.* By ARTHUR APPLIN. (Sisleys, 2s. 6d. net.)

WE believe Mr. Applin to be correct when he states that the amazing popularity of musical comedy is due to the fact that in it the spectators see represented that ideal life of champagne and expensive raiment, which they would like to lead themselves; and to the patrons of that curious perversion of drama, we have no hesitation in recommending Mr. Applin's book. It is the story of a young Devonshire girl, who, on account of her parents' financial embarrassments, yields to the persuasion of Morley Francks, the well known writer, actor, and producer of musical comedies, and comes to London to become an actress. Thanks to the assistance of Francks (whose mannerisms resemble a little too closely those of a certain actor, well-known to collectors of picture-post-cards) and of one Balthazar, a wealthy Jew, she achieves immediate success on the musical comedy stage. The remainder of the book is concerned with the rivalry of Francks and Balthazar for her hand, and the story ends with her dramatic death on the boards in the sight of the audience, the death of Balthazar in the Alps, and the production by Morley Francks of a musical comedy with a real plot. All this is not very original, but Mr. Applin tells the story well, and gives an interesting and truthful account of the inner workings of musical comedy theatres. He has the art of making his characters live, and in Iris Colyer, the friend of the heroine, he has drawn a clever picture of the unconventional type of actress. In a brief preface, Mr. Applin takes the unusual course of denying his responsibility for the advertisements that heralded the book on its serial publication, and, recalling the nature of those advertisements, we are inclined to think that Mr. Applin is justified. We do not know why the book has its present title, as at no time is its heroine in the chorus.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE DISINTERESTED PUBLISHER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your last issue F. H. I. appeals for a disinterested publisher who will cheerfully incur a loss in order that a certain number of people too lazy to read Fromentin in the original may be enabled to do so in his translation. It is difficult to understand why a publisher should be expected to make to the public a present of something the public is, *ex hypothesi*, not willing to pay for. No such expectation is entertained with regard to coal merchants, butchers, tailors, landlords, bookmakers (in the sporting sense), or lawyers. The request for a "disinterested" member of any of these useful professions, in the sense in which F. H. I. uses the word disinterested, would be received with universal derision. The reason is plain: coal and beef, clothes and land, even "book-makers" and lawyer's oracles are regarded as necessities, and the well-conducted person does not beg for necessities. But good literature, in the library or on the stage, is a luxury, and really we cannot be expected to pay for luxuries; somebody ought to be disinterested enough to provide them gratis.

All civilised nations (our own to a less extent than any other) recognise that much good literature (as well as much



good art) cannot live by its own strength in the world as at present constituted; it must be subsidised in some form or other. It should be of interest and profit to Englishmen to consider the form taken by the subsidising instinct in communities more truly cultured than ours. In France the encouragement of "letters" is regarded as natural and becoming on the part of possessors of accumulated wealth. Whereas in England a bequest for this subsidising of scholarship or poetry would doubtless be regarded by the heirs as *prima facie* evidence of feeble-mindedness and by the courts as a legitimate ground for "setting aside," in France such bequests are common. The amount of money entrusted to the various sections of the French Institute is, absolutely, not inconsiderable and, relatively, very considerable. And in effect, it may be said that no department of literature is left absolutely unnoticed. The majority of these bequests are, it is true, as is natural, for the encouragement of literature in its scholarly aspects, learning being even more distinctively a luxury than art, but still *belles-lettres* pure are not neglected. The novelist, the poet, the essayist, the translator, may all expect to receive a substantial money reward, and what is perhaps still more gratifying to the conscientious scholar and artist, to receive it at the hands of competent and acknowledged experts. Whether the example of France is ever likely to bear fruit in England is doubtful. In the first place rich men in this country seem to be exceptionally unimaginative, and *bornés* as regards the disposal of their wealth. In the second we lack, as regards science (other than natural) and art, the publicly constituted bodies fitted by tradition and by the consent of the cultured part of the community, to act as wise distributors of wealth. But perhaps if French practice is understood and appreciated it may produce some effect even upon the sluggish intellect of rich men. In the meantime it is surely characteristic of the English attitude that when F. H. L. wants a present to be made to the public he does not think of making it himself, he does not even think of asking his well-to-do friends (everybody has some well-to-do friends) to make it, he clamours for a disinterested publisher.

ALFRED NUTT.

## "RELIGION MADE EASY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have just seen the kind mention of my book, "The Simple Faith," in your issue of May 11, and while thanking you, I beg your courtesy in permitting me to correct an error which has been made by more than one of my critics.

In your critique you state that a vast number of writers have come forward since the success of the Rev. R. J. Campbell's book with their views on religion and you imply that I am one of these.

This is not the case as my book was in the publishers' hands in November last and at the time it was written I had never heard of Dr. Campbell. That "The Simple Faith" was in the press before the Campbell controversy began my publishers, Messrs. Sisleys, can confirm as also the fact that the book was issued to the public some considerable time before the appearance of Dr. Campbell's work, which, I may add, it in no way resembles.

Please do me the justice to allow this correction to be made known through your valuable columns.

DON GLOVER,  
Author of "The Simple Faith."

May 13.

## A NEW READING OF KNOX

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Stronach's letter on this subject, which appeared in the ACADEMY of May 11, was most entertaining. I await Mr. Lang's reply.

It exposes a somewhat shallow mental capacity in the author of the new reading: a capacity for jumping at childish conclusions. I would not be so hard on Mr. Lang, however, if he had not affected the *wiseacre* by adding "pans" to Knox's Prestoun.

I cannot find the narrative in my Knox (an old-fashioned edition of 1790). One wonders how or why a horseman (and here one has to be guilty of the same sin as Mr. Lang: namely, that of reading one's own ideas into the text, and fancying that Seton was on horseback; and also that the fugitives were on horseback) had a "chair" handy when he met Whitelaw.

Surely it is a childish jump to fancy that Knox's Scotch-French (I suppose Scotch-French) word, "chasse" means

chair; but the addition of "pans" to Prestoun is almost worse. It would almost seem that Mr. Lang is ignorant of the geography, as well as the history, of the district. Whitelaw's journey from Prestoun to Edinburgh would naturally be *via* Ormiston, Dalkeith, and Kirk o' Field. He would not go out of his way to the Pans, and then by the track along the shore which would lead him into the robbers' fastnesses between Calton Hill and the east of Arthur's Seat. Nor is it likely that Seton would be at the Pans; but quite likely that he would be hanging about the village of Prestoun, his own castle being about a mile to the east of that. The Pans in these days were merely the salt pans, with a few cottages for the salters, belonging to the monks of Prestoun; and were probably quite isolated except from Prestoun, and that only by a pack-horse track.

It seems to me that the probability is that Seton, with some of his friends, was hanging about the pretty village of Prestoun, with its monastery and cross, and when they saw Whitelaw and his friend set out on their journey they (Seton's party) had the fun of terrorising the two countrymen. Had they really wished to harm them, a sword would have been a more convenient and efficient instrument for harm than a chair.

JOHN TOD.

May 14.

## ANOTHER INQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be most grateful to any one who can give me the source of the quotation:

"In things essential unity,  
In things doubtful liberty,  
In all things charity."

I have exhausted all means of verification here, and beg assistance.

G. DARLOW.

Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

April 22.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## BIOGRAPHY

Kitson, Arthur. *Captain James Cook, R.N., F.R.S., "The Circumnavigator."* 9 x 5½. Pp. 525. Murray, 15s. net.

## BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Royal University of Ireland. *The Calendar for the Year 1907.* 8½ x 5. Pp. 549. Thom, n.p.

## DRAMA

Housman, Laurence; and Barker, H. Granville. *Prunella.* 7 x 5. Pp. 70. Bullen, n.p.

## EDUCATIONAL

Wright, Joseph. *Historical German Grammar.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 314. Frowde, 6s.

## FICTION

Boothby, Guy. *The Man of the Crag.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 247. White, 6s.

White, Percy. *Colonel Dameron.* 8 x 5. Pp. 342. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

McCarthy, Justin Huntly. *Needles and Pins.* 8 x 5. Pp. 353. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Handasyde. *For the Week-End.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 319. Lane, 6s.

"Alien." *His Neighbour's Landmark.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 312. Digby Long, 6s.

Huxley, L. *Letters of a Betrothed.* 8 x 5. Pp. 239. Smith, Elder, n.p.

Munro, Neil. *The Daft Days.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 281. Blackwood, 6s.

Barr, James. *The Witchery of the Serpent.* 8 x 5. Pp. 315. Gay & Bird, 6s.

Halifax, Robert. *The Grip of Gold.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 315. Digby Long, 6s.

Wildridge, Oswald. *Margery Manesty.* 8 x 5. Pp. 311. Ward, Lock, n.p.

Burgin, G. B. *Which Woman?* 7½ x 5. Pp. 344. Nash, 6s.

- Benson, E. F. *The House of Defence*. 8x5. Pp. 293. Heinemann, 6s.  
*Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther*. 8x5½. Pp. 377. Smith, Elder, n.p.

## HISTORY

- Hindustan under Free Lances, 1770-1820*. By H. G. Keene; with a preface by the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart. 9x5½. Pp. 238. Brown, Langham, 15s.

## MISCELLANEOUS

- Seymour, Frederick. *Siena and her Artists*. 7½x5. Pp. 207. Unwin, 6s.  
 Betham-Edwards, Miss. *Literary Rambles in France*. 9x5½. Pp. 276. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.  
*The Love Story of a Minor Poet*. By Stellarius. 6½x4½. Pp. 31. Elliot Stock, 1s.  
 Washburne, Marion Foster. *Family Secrets*. 7½x5½. Pp. 212. Macmillan, 6s.  
 Belloc, Hilaire. *The Historic Thames*. 10½x8. Pp. 224. Dent 21s. net.  
 Gardner, Percy. *The Growth of Christianity*. 8½x5½. Pp. 278. Black, n.p.  
 Morrison, Hugh Alexander. *American Almanacs, 1639-1800*. 11½x9. Pp. 160. Washington Government Printing Office, n.p.  
 Stanway, Kate. *For Valour*. 6x4½. Pp. 142. Drane, 1s.  
 Baring, Maurice. *A Year in Russia*. 9x6. Pp. 319. Methuen, 10s. 6d.  
 Bradley, A. G. *Round about Wiltshire*. 8x5. Pp. 386. Methuen, 6s.  
 Fitzpatrick, S. A. O. *Dublin*. 8x5. Pp. 360. Methuen, 4s. 6d.  
 Morris, Henry. *The Governor-General of India*. 7x5. Pp. 189. Christian Literature Society, n.p.  
 Wright, H. Nelson. *Catalogue of the Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta*. 10x6. Pp. 280. Oxford, 30s.  
 Jennings, Louis G. *Field Paths and Green Lanes in Surrey and Sussex*. 8x5. Pp. 299. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.  
 Buxton, Noel. *Europe and the Turks*. 7½x5. Pp. 143. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.  
*Recollections and Letters of the Rev. W. H. E. McKnight, M.A.* By his niece, Edith Isabel Thomson. 7½x5. Pp. 371. Masters, 6s.  
 St. John, Christopher. *Stars of the Stage: Ellen Terry*. 7½x5. Pp. 97. Lane, 2s. 6d.  
 Train, Arthur. *The Prisoner at the Bar*. Pp. 349. Werner Laurie, 8s. 6d.  
 Lang, Andrew. *New and Old Letters to Dead Authors*. 6½x4½. Pp. 233. Longmans, 2s.  
 Le Foin, Carl. *Reflections of a Frivolous Philosopher*. 7½x5. Foster Groom, 2s. 6d.  
 Putnam, Geo. Haven, Litt.D. *The Censorship of the Church of Rome and its Influence upon the Production and Distribution of Literature*. 9½x6. Pp. 510. Putnam, 10s. 6d.  
 Bax, E. Belfort. *The Roots of Reality*. 8½x5½. Pp. 331. Grant Richards, n.p.  
 Allies, Mary H. *Thomas William Allies*. 7½x5. Pp. 208. Burns & Oates, 3s. 6d.  
 Frankland, F. W. *Thoughts on Ultimate Problems*. 7½x5. Pp. 48. Philip Wellby, 1s.  
 Richardson, Frank. *Love, and All About It*. 7½x5. Pp. 180. Grant Richards, 1s.  
 Loftie, W. J. *The Colour of London*. 9½x7. Pp. 236. Chatto & Windus, 20s.  
 Simpson, Selwyn G. *Thomas Edward Brown*. 7½x5. Pp. 244. Scott Publishing Co., 6s.  
 Maxwell, Maj.-Gen. Patrick. *Pribbles and Prabbles*. 8½x5½. Pp. 284. Skeffington, 10s.  
 Strong Eugénie. *Roman Sculpture*. 8x5½. Pp. 408. Duckworth, 10s.

## MUSIC.

- Terry, Richard. *Catholic Church Music*. 9x5½. Pp. 216. Greening, n.p.

## POETRY

- Newby, Alfred E. *Metrical Tunes and Talk*. 7½x5. Pp. 215. Drane, 3s. 6d.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Thackeray, William Makepeace. *Roundabout Papers and Denis Duval*. 7½x5. Pp. 431. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.  
 Brontë, Emily. *Wuthering Heights*. 6½x3½. Pp. 373. Sisleys, 3s. 6d. net.  
 Goldsmith, Oliver. *The Vicar of Wakefield*. 6½x3½. Pp. 190. Sisleys, 2s. 6d. net.  
 Dumas, Alexandre. *The Black Tulip*. 6½x3½. Pp. 257. Sisleys, 2s. 6d. net.  
 Flaubert, Gustave. *Salambo*. 6½x3½. Pp. 360. Sisleys, 2s. 6d. net.  
 Ruskin, John. *Pre-Raphaelitism*. 7x4½. Pp. 412. Dent, 1s.  
 Ruskin, John. *The Elements of Drawing*. 7x4½. Pp. 308. Dent, 1s.

## THEOLOGY

- Vine, Rev. C. H. *The Old Faith and the New Theology*. 8x5. Pp. 266. Sampson, Low, 4s. 6d.  
 Russell, G. W. E. *Leaders of the Church, 1800-1900: Dr. Pusey*. 7½x5. Pp. 213. Mowbray, n.p.

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

- Baillie Grohman, W. A. *The Land in the Mountains*. Being an account of the Past and Present of Tyrol, its People and its Castles. 9x5½. Pp. 288. Simpkin, Marshall, 12s. 6d. net.  
 Roscoe, E. S. *Penn's Country and other Buckinghamshire Sketches*. 8x5½. Pp. 115. Elliot Stock, 4s. 6d.  
 Rhys, Ernest. *Atlas of Ancient and Classical Geography*. 7x4½. Pp. 93. Dent, 1s.

## THE BOOKSHELF

*Racine's Athalie*, edited by G. H. Clarke, M.A. (Blackie, 10d.)—This is one of the supplementary volumes of Blackie's Little French Classics in which complete plays are printed with introduction and notes. The introduction in this particular case is concise, interesting, and well-arranged; but we are inclined to think that the remarks on Prosody are not sufficiently full and possibly attempt too much to be very helpful "to readers who have no previous knowledge of the rules of French versification." The notes are written with judgment, and we are glad to find that some notice is taken of pronunciation; but we question the value to ordinary pupils of long quotations in French such as those given on lines 430, 436 and 1135-1138.

A rather ambitiously named book is called *The Main Tendencies of Victorian Poetry*. By Arnold Smith (The Saint George Press, Limited).—The substance of it was given in a series of University Extension Lectures, and while evincing study and a facile pen, the book does not show any great insight. A study is made of each of the great poets of the Victorian era. Under the heading of "The Poetry of Hope" comes Tennyson. What does Mr. Smith mean when he says of him "He does not deny to Science its meed of honour, and his attitude is in noble contrast to that of some other great men among his contemporaries. Let knowledge increase, he says, but let her steps be guided by Wisdom." Who among great men of recent times have questioned seriously the light thrown by science on life. Mr. Smith is dull and conventional. Science has changed all. A new heaven and earth has opened to the meanest, and none question that but the ignorant. And it is not usual for a University lecturer to neglect mundane matters so entirely as to write "Perhaps the most fundamental difference," The foundations of the world are evidently rocking and grammar has perished in the universal chaos. Mr. Smith rejoices also in discussing earnest things which appeal to earnest minds. Of Tennyson's *Harold* he writes "The life of the King raises a grave question of ethics: can a man venture to do wrong in order to do right?" The immorality of King Arthur's court is surely hardly worth referring to. The stories of the Round Table are from the land of romance; the knights, whether in Malory or Tennyson, wished to imitate the gentleness of Christ, the perfect man who knew love but not the words "morality" or "immorality." "The Statue and the Bust" in Browning had a "dilatatory desire to perform an immoral action." Literature is not made thus, but shorter Catechisms are.



*The Evolution of Matter.* By Gustave Le Bon. (Walter Scott Publishing Co.)—This book, which has passed through three editions in French with a sale of twelve thousand copies, has been translated, with an introduction and notes, by Mr. F. Legge. We may also notice in passing that under the editorship of Mr. Legge a translation of another book by a French author, M. Alfred Binet's "L'Âme et le corps," has just been issued as the most recent volume in "The International Scientific Series," with the title of "The Mind and the Brain." To many people the appearance of Dr. Le Bon as the author of a book dealing with the most recalcitrant subjects of modern physical science will be somewhat of a surprise. Dr. Le Bon has a European reputation, but while he was widely known by his two books, the "Psychology of Socialism" and the "Psychology of Crowds," his claims to be an original physical experimenter and theoriser were known to comparatively few. Yet five years ago in the ACADEMY Mr. Legge called the attention of English readers to certain remarkable papers which had recently appeared by Dr. Le Bon in the *Revue Scientifique*, on the phenomena associated with Crookes's tube, the Becquerel rays, the X rays and the series of radio-active bodies, such as thorium, uranium, and especially radium, which were astonishing and occupying the attention of the scientific world and exciting the lovers of the marvellous in still wider circles. For ten years, from 1896 to 1906, Dr. Le Bon published his experiments intended to demonstrate the radio-activities of all bodies, the identity of the phenomena of the Crookes's tube with those of radio-active bodies specially so named, and more startling than all, the decomposition of matter itself and the liberation of intra-atomic forces by which the phenomena of electricity, of the Hertzian rays, of the X rays and of light, all become manifestations of these intra-atomic forces. He more than hinted that possibly we might find means of applying these colossal intra-atomic forces to the service of man as electricity and their other manifestations have been applied. Dr. Le Bon at first was not happier than Ohm or Mayer; and his results and theories were either neglected or fiercely disputed. This has given to his book, which summarises his researches and states his views, rather too much the air of a polemic; but his claims are not stated offensively though they are perhaps a little too insistent. He may be excused some exuberance in telling the story of the gradual change of opinion which took place in regard to his theories. Mr. Legge states the result thus: "The violence of Dr. Le Bon's adversaries was only equalled by the volubility with which they contradicted themselves and each other. How this storm gradually abated, and was succeeded first by impartial consideration, and then by a pretty general acceptance of his theories, he tells us at sufficient length in the book itself. But I may perhaps remark here that his earliest adherents on the Continent were drawn from the ranks of those who—as was my own case until some two years ago—had no other acquaintance with him than through his writings." In only one respect is Dr. Le Bon still dissatisfied: he has not obtained universal consent for his greatest generalisation, the liberation of the new force of intra-atomic energy. We may say, then, that readers who, without being scientific experts, wish to inform themselves of the latest developments of physical science may safely trust themselves to the guidance of this book. It has the prestige on which the general reader must rely; and it is as fascinating for its literary qualities as for its combination of marvellous facts and bold speculation and suggestion.

Mrs. Bearne always makes delightful historical studies of royal women, and her new volume, *Heroines of French Society* (Unwin), will be found attractive. The four ladies whose most remarkable stories are given in full detail are Madame Le Brun, La Marquise de Montagu, Madame Tallien and Madame de Genlis. They are all interesting, but perhaps the most charming of them all was Madame le Brun. All know the picture of herself and child, but few are acquainted with her story and how she spoiled the beautiful girl who grew up selfish and utterly regardless of her mother and her affection. She died thirty years before her mother after a foolish and reckless life which became the grief of Madame le Brun's existence. In 1842, after a strange eventful history, Madame le Brun died at the age of eighty-seven. Her life was a busy and happy one if her daughter's share in it be discounted. She had painted six hundred and sixty-two portraits, two hundred landscapes and fifteen pictures. The life of Madame Tallien is perhaps the next most enthralling. It deals with all the horrors of the Revolution and the remarkable fascination of this lady who could hoodwink and charm the bloody leaders of the mob and save the lives of aristocrats and finally her own. The book is one which deserves more attention than we can give it.

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